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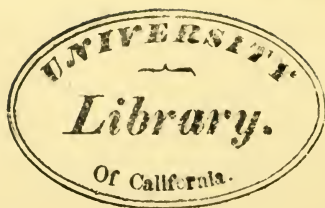
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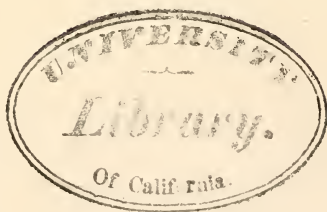




# BALLADS

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

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MAIN

THESE Ballads have been written during the past fifteen years, and are now gathered by the author from his own books, and the various periodicals in which the pieces appeared originally. They are published simultaneously in England and America, — where a public, which has been interested in the writer's prose stories, he hopes may be kindly disposed to his little volume of verses.

Boston, 27th October, 1855.



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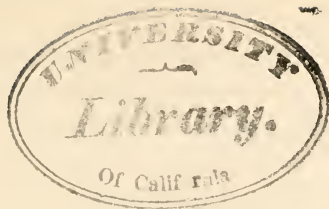
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## BALLADS.

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### THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

---

#### PART I.

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,  
Whoever will choose to repair,  
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors,  
May haply fall in with old Pierre.  
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern,  
He sits and he prates of old wars,  
And moistens his pipe of tobacco  
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,  
And as long as his tap never fails,  
Thus over his favorite liquor  
Old Peter will tell his old tales.  
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers,  
Strange changes and chances I've seen, —  
So here's to all gentlemen drummers  
That ever have thumped on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military  
For four generations we are ;  
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,  
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.  
And as each man in life has his station,  
According as Fortune may fix,  
While Condé was waving the baton,  
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!  
What glories my grandfather won,  
Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders,  
The fortunes of France had undone!  
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland, —  
What foeman resisted us then?  
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,  
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

“ He died, and our noble battalions  
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook ;  
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,  
The victory lay with Malbrook.  
The news it was brought to King Louis ;  
Corbleu ! how his majesty swore,  
When he heard they had taken my grandsire,  
And twelve thousand gentlemen more !

“ At Namurs, Ramillies, and Malplaquet  
Were we posted, on plain or in trench ;  
✱ Malbrook only need to attack it,  
And away from him scampered we French.  
Cheer up ! ’tis no use to be glum, boys, —  
’Tis written, since fighting begun,  
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,  
And sometimes we fight and we run.

“ To fight and to run was our fate ;  
Our fortune and fame had departed ;  
And so perished Louis the Great, —  
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.  
His coffin they pelted with mud,  
His body they tried to lay hands on ;  
And so having buried King Louis  
They loyally served his great-grandson.

“ God save the beloved King Louis !  
    (For so he was nicknamed by some,)  
And now came my father to do his  
    King’s orders, and beat on the drum.  
My grandsire was dead, but his bones  
    Must have shaken, I’m certain, for joy,  
To hear Daddy drumming the English  
    From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

“ So well did he drum in that battle,  
    That the enemy showed us their backs ;  
Corbleu ! it was pleasant to rattle  
    The sticks, and to follow old Saxe !  
We next had Soubise as a leader,  
    And as luck hath its changes and fits,  
At Rossbach, in spite of Dad’s drumming,  
    ’Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

“ And now Daddy crossed the Atlantic,  
    To drum for Montcalm and his men ;  
Morbleu ! but it makes a man frantic,  
    To think we were beaten again !  
My daddy he crossed the wide ocean,  
    My mother brought me on her neck,  
And we came in the year fifty-seven  
    To guard the good town of Quebec.



“In the year fifty-nine came the Britons, —  
Full well I remember the day, —  
They knocked at our gates for admittance,  
Their vessels were moored in our bay.  
Says our general, “Drive me yon red-coats  
Away to the sea, whence they come!”  
So we marched against Wolfe and his bull-dogs,  
We marched at the sound of the drum.

“I think I can see my poor mammy  
With me in her hand as she waits,  
And our regiment, slowly retreating,  
Pours back through the citadel gates.  
Dear mammy, she looks in their faces,  
And asks if her husband is come.  
—He is lying all cold on the glacis,  
And will never more beat on the drum.

“Come, drink, 'tis no use to be glum, boys;  
He died like a soldier — in glory;  
Here's a glass to the health of all drum boys,  
And now I'll commence my own story.  
Once more did we cross the salt ocean;  
We came in the year eighty-one;  
And the wrongs of my father the drummer  
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

“In Chesapeake Bay we were landed ;  
In vain strove the British to pass ;  
Rochambeau our armies commanded,  
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.  
Morbleu ! how I rattled the drumsticks,  
The day we marched into Yorktown !  
Ten thousand of beef-eating British  
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

“Then homewards returning victorious,  
In peace to our country we came,  
And were thanked for our glorious actions  
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.  
What drummer on earth could be prouder  
Than I, while I drummed at Versailles  
To the lovely court ladies in powder,  
And lappets, and long satin tails ?

“The princes that day passed before us,  
Our countrymen’s glory and hope ;  
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,  
D’Artois, who could dance the tight rope.  
One night we kept guard for the queen,  
At her majesty’s opera box,  
While the king, that majestic monarch,  
Sat filing at home at his locks.

“ Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette ;  
And so smiling she looked, and so tender,  
That our officers, privates, and drummers,  
All vowed they would die to defend her.  
But she cared not for us honest fellows,  
Who fought and who bled in her wars ;  
She sneered at our gallant Rochambeau,  
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

“ Ventrebleu ! then I swore a great oath  
No more to such tyrants to kneel ;  
And so just to keep up my drumming,  
One day I drummed down the Bastile !  
Ho, landlord ! a stoup of fresh wine ;  
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,  
And drink to the year eighty-nine,  
And the glorious fourth of July !

“ Then bravely our cannon it thundered,  
As onwards our patriots bore ;  
Our enemies were but a hundred,  
And we twenty thousand or more.  
They carried the news to King Louis,  
He heard it as calm as you please ;  
And like a majestical monarch,  
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

“ We showed our republican courage,  
We stormed and we broke the great gate in,  
And we murdered the insolent governor  
For daring to keep us a waiting.  
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by ;  
They never stirred finger or thumb ;  
The saucy aristocrats trembled  
As they heard the republican drum.

“ Hurrah ! what a storm was a brewing !  
The day of our vengeance was come ;  
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin  
Did I beat on the patriot drum !  
Let’s drink to the famed tenth of August ;  
At midnight I beat the tattoo,  
And woke up the pikemen of Paris,  
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

“ With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches,  
Marched onwards our dusty battalions ;  
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,  
A million of tatterdemalions !  
We stormed the fair gardens where towered  
The walls of his heritage splendid ;  
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,  
That had not the heart to defend it !

“ With the crown of his sires on his head,  
His nobles and knights by his side,  
At the foot of his ancestors’ palace  
’Twere easy, methinks, to have died.  
But no ; when we burst through his barriers,  
’Mid heaps of the dying and dead,  
In vain through the chambers we sought him, —  
He had turned like a craven and fled.

\* \* \*

“ You all know the Place de la Concorde ?  
’Tis hard by the Tuilerie wall ;  
’Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,  
There rises an obelisk tall.  
There rises an obelisk tall ;  
All garnished and gilded the base is ;  
’Tis surely the gayest of all  
Our beautiful city’s gay places.

“ Around it are gardens and flowers,  
And the cities of France on their thrones,  
Each crowned with his circlet of flowers,  
Sits watching this biggest of stones !  
I love to go sit in the sun there,  
The flowers and fountains to see,  
And to think of the deeds that were done there,  
In the glorious year ninety-three.

“ 'Twas here stood the altar of freedom,  
And though neither marble nor gilding  
Were used in those days to adorn  
Our simple republican building,  
Corbleu ! but the MERE GUILLOTINE  
Cared little for splendor or show,  
So you gave her an axe and a beam,  
And a plank and a basket or so.

“ Awful, and proud, and erect  
Here sate our republican goddess ;  
Each morning her table we decked  
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.  
The people each day flocked around,  
As she sat at her meat and her wine ;  
'Twas always the use of our nation  
To witness the sovereign dine.

“ Young virgins with fair golden tresses,  
Old silver-haired prelates and priests,  
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,  
Were splendidly served at her feasts.  
Ventrebleu ! but we pampered our ogress  
With the best that our nation could bring,  
And dainty she grew in her progress,  
And called for the head of a king !

“She called for the blood of our king,  
And straight from his prison we drew him;  
And to her with shouting we led him,  
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.  
‘The monarchs of Europe against me  
Have plotted a godless alliance;  
I’ll fling them the head of King Louis,’  
She said, ‘as my gage of defiance.’

“I see him as now, for a moment,  
Away from his jailers he broke,  
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,  
And lingered, and fain would have spoke.  
‘Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,’  
Says Santerre, ‘with a beat of your drum;’  
Lustily then did I tap it,  
And the son of St. Louis was dumb.”

\* \* \*



## PART II.

“THE glorious days of September  
Saw many aristocrats fall ;  
'Twas then that our pikes drunk the blood,  
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.  
Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady !  
I seldom have looked on her like ;  
And I drummed for a gallant procession,  
That marched with her head on a pike.

“Let's show the pale head to the queen,  
We said — she'll remember it well ;  
She looked from the bars of her prison,  
And shrieked as she saw it, and fell.  
We set up a shout at her screaming,  
We laughed at the fright she had shown  
At the sight of the head of her minion ;  
How she'd tremble to part with her own !

“ We had taken the head of King Capet,  
We called for the blood of his wife ;  
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,  
And bared her fair neck to the knife.  
As she felt the foul fingers that touched her,  
She shrunk, but she deigned not to speak,  
She looked with a royal disdain,  
And died with a blush on her cheek !

“ ‘Twas thus that our country was saved ;  
So told us the safety committee !  
But psha ! I’ve the heart of a soldier,  
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.  
I loathed to assist at such deeds,  
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes  
As we offered to justice offended  
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

“ Away with such foul recollections !  
No more of the axe and the block ;  
I saw the last fight of the sections,  
As they fell ’neath our guns at Saint Rock.  
Young BONAPARTE led us that day ;  
When he sought the Italian frontier,  
I followed my gallant young captain,  
I followed him many a long year.

“ We came to an army in rags,  
Our general was but a boy,  
When we first saw the Austrian flags  
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.  
In the glorious year ninety-six,  
We marched to the banks of the Po ;  
I carried my drum and my sticks,  
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

‘ In triumph we entered Milan,  
We seized on the Mantuan keys ;  
The troops of the Emperor ran,  
And the Pope he fell down on his knees.” —  
Pierre’s comrades here called a fresh bottle,  
And clubbing together their wealth,  
They drank to the Army of Italy,  
And General Bonaparte’s health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,  
And showed us a plenty of scars,  
Rude presents that fortune had made him,  
In fifty victorious wars.

“ This came when I followed bold Kleber —  
’Twas shot by a Mameluke gun ;  
And this from an Austrian sabre,  
When the field of Marengo was won.

“ My forehead has many deep furrows,  
But this is the deepest of all ;  
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,  
Beside the fair river of Saal.  
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it ;  
(God bless him !) it covers a blow ;  
I had it at Austerlitz fight,  
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

“ 'Twas thus that we conquered and fought ;  
But wherefore continue the story ?  
There's never a baby in France  
But has heard of our chief and our glory, —  
But has heard of our chief and our fame,  
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,  
How bravely Napoleon conquered,  
How bravely and sadly he fell.

“ It makes my old heart to beat higher,  
To think of the deeds that I saw ;  
I followed bold Ney through the fire,  
And charged at the side of Murat.”  
And so did old Peter continue  
His story of twenty brave years ;  
His audience followed with comments —  
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain  
Had died in defence of their land ;  
His audience laughed at the story,  
And vowed that their captain was grand !  
He had fought the red English, he said,  
In many a battle of Spain ;  
They cursed the red English, and prayed  
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,  
Had winter not driven them back ;  
And his company cursed the quick frost,  
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.  
He told how the stranger arrived ;  
They wept at the tale of disgrace ;  
And they longed but for one battle more,  
The stain of their shame to efface !

“ Our country their hordes overrun,  
We fled to the fields of Champagne,  
And fought them, though twenty to one,  
And beat them again and again !  
Our warrior was conquered at last ;  
They bade him his crown to resign ;  
To fate and his country he yielded  
The rights of himself and his line.

“ He came, and among us he stood,  
Around him we pressed in a throng,  
We could not regard him for weeping,  
Who had led us and loved us so long.  
‘ I have led you for twenty long years,’  
Napoleon said ere he went ;  
‘ Wherever was honor I found you,  
And with you, my sons, am content.

“ ‘ Though Europe against me was armed,  
Your chiefs and my people are true ;  
I still might have struggled with fortune,  
And baffled all Europe with you.

“ ‘ But France would have suffered the while ;  
’Tis best that I suffer alone ;  
I go to my place of exile,  
To write of the deeds we have done.

“ ‘ Be true to the king that they give you ;  
We may not embrace ere we part ;  
But, General, reach me your hand,  
And press me, I pray, to your heart.’

“ He called for our old battle standard ;  
One kiss to the eagle he gave.

‘Dear eagle!’ he said, ‘may this kiss  
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!’  
’Twas thus that Napoleon left us ;  
Our people were weeping and mute,  
And he passed through the lines of his guard,  
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

\*            \*            \*

“I looked when the drumming was o’er,  
I looked, but our hero was gone ;  
We were destined to see him once more,  
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.  
The Emperor rode through our files ;  
’Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn ;  
The lines of our warriors for miles  
Stretched wide through the Waterloo corn.

“In thousands we stood on the plain ;  
The red coats were crowning the height ;  
‘Go scatter yon English,’ he said ;  
‘We’ll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.’  
We answered his voice with a shout ;  
Our eagles were bright in the sun ;  
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,  
And the thundering battle begun.



“ One charge to another succeeds,  
Like waves that a hurricane bears ;  
All day do our galloping steeds  
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.  
At noon we began the fell onset ;  
We charged up the Englishman's hill ;  
And madly we charged it at sunset —  
His banners were floating there still.

“ — Go to ! I will tell you no more ;  
You know how the battle was lost.  
Ho ! fetch me a beaker of wine,  
And, comrades, I'll give you a toast.  
I'll give you a curse on all traitors,  
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin ;  
And a curse on those red-coated English,  
Whose bayonets helped our undoing.

“ A curse on those British assassins  
Who ordered the slaughter of Ney ;  
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured  
The life of our hero away.  
A curse on all Russians — I hate them —  
On all Prussian and Austrian fry ;  
And, O ! but I pray we may meet them,  
And fight them again ere I die.”

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude  
His chronicle with curses fit.  
He spoke the tale in accents rude,  
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears,  
(All tales in time to this must come,)  
The story of two hundred years  
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,  
Is endless theme for poet's pen :  
Is found in endless quartos thick,  
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,  
And ever since a bard could sing,  
Doth each exalt, with all his wit,  
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,  
How bold Achilles killed his foe,  
And Turnus, felled by 'Trojans' rage,  
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,  
How mad Orlando slashed and slew;  
There's not a single bard that writes,  
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while in fashion picturesque,  
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,  
The grave historian, at his desk,  
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox;  
You'll duly see recorded there  
The history of the self-same knocks  
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,  
He writes in phrases dull and slow,  
And waves his cauliflower wig,  
And shouts, "Saint George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,  
An LL. D., — a peaceful man ;  
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself,  
Because we beat the Corsican !

From first to last his page is filled  
With stirring tales how blows were struck.  
He shows how we the Frenchmen killed,  
And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 'tis true, of politics  
The doctors give, and statesman's art ;  
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,  
And understands the bloody part.

He cares not what the cause may be,  
He is not nice for wrong and right ;  
But show him where's the enemy,  
He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight, — perhaps he wins ;  
And when he tells the story o'er,  
The honest savage brags and grins,  
And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valor fail,  
Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse,  
And with a moral points his tale —  
The end of all such tales — a curse.

---

Last year, my love, it was my hap  
Behind a grenadier to be,  
And, but he wore a hairy cap,  
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,  
(Be blessings on the glorious pair !)  
Before us passed, I saw them not,  
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts  
In foremost rank the soldier thus,  
The red-coat bully in his boots,  
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,  
You wonder at his cap of hair :  
You hear his sabre's cursed clank,  
His spurs are jingling every where.

Go to ! I hate him and his trade :  
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,  
And all God's peaceful people made  
To such as him subservient ?

Tell me what find we to admire  
In epaulets and scarlet coats,  
In men because they load and fire,  
And know the art of cutting throats ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine !  
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,  
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,  
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,  
How kings and heroes rise and fall ?  
Look yonder ; \* in his coffin black,  
There lies the greatest of them all !

\* This ballad was written at Paris, at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon.

To pluck him down, and keep him up,  
Died many million human souls ;  
'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup,  
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns ;  
He wrote "The Great" before his name ;  
And dying, only left his sons  
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own ;  
And borrowed from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half the world was his,  
And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,  
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

## THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT.

---

THE noble king of Brentford  
Was old and very sick ;  
He summoned his physicians  
To wait upon him quick ;  
They stepped into their coaches,  
And brought their best physick.

They crammed their gracious master  
With potion and with pill ;  
They drenched him and they bled him :  
They could not cure his ill.  
“ Go fetch,” says he, “ my lawyer ;  
I'd better make my will.”



The monarch's royal mandate  
The lawyer did obey ;  
The thought of six-and-eightpence  
Did make his heart full gay.  
“ What is 't,” says he, “ your majesty  
Would wish of me to-day ? ”

“ The doctors have belabored me  
With potion and with pill :  
My hours of life are counted,  
O man of tape and quill !  
Sit down and mend a pen or two,  
I want to make my will.

“ O'er all the land of Brentford  
I'm lord and eke of Kew :  
I've three per cents and five per cents ;  
My debts are but a few ;  
And to inherit after me  
I have but children two.

“ Prince Thomas is my eldest son,  
A sober prince is he ;  
And from the day we breeched him,  
Till now he's twenty-three,  
He never caused disquiet  
To his poor mamma or me.

“At school they never flogged him ;  
At college, though not fast,  
Yet his little go and great go  
He creditably passed,  
And made his year's allowance  
For eighteen months to last.

“He never owed a shilling,  
Went never drunk to bed,  
He has not two ideas  
Within his honest head ;  
In all respects he differs  
From my second son, Prince Ned.

“When Tom has half his income  
Laid by at the year's end,  
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver  
That rightly he may spend,  
But sponges on a tradesman,  
Or borrows from a friend.

“While Tom his legal studies  
Most soberly pursues,  
Poor Ned must pass his mornings  
A-dawdling with the Muse ;  
While Tom frequents his banker,  
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

“Ned drives about in buggies,  
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus ;  
Ah, cruel fate, why made you  
My children differ thus ?  
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,  
And Ned a *genius* ? ”

“You'll cut him with a shilling,”  
Exclaimed the man of wits :  
“I'll leave my wealth,” said Brentford,  
“Sir Lawyer, as befits ;  
And portion both their fortunes  
Unto their several wits.”

“Your grace knows best,” the lawyer said,  
“On your commands I wait.”  
“Be silent, sir,” says Brentford,  
“A plague upon your prate !  
Come, take you pen and paper,  
And write as I dictate.”

The will, as Brentford spoke it,  
Was writ, and signed, and closed ;  
He bade the lawyer leave him,  
And turned him round, and dozed ;  
And next week in the churchyard  
The good old king reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,  
Of mourners was the chief;  
In bitter self-upbraidings  
Poor Edward showed his grief;  
Tom hid his fat, white countenance  
In his pocket handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,  
He faltered in his walk;  
Tom never shed a tear,  
But onwards he did stalk,  
As pompous, black, and solemn,  
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford —  
That gentle king and just —  
With bell, and book, and candle,  
Were duly laid in dust,  
“Now, gentlemen,” says Thomas,  
“Let business be discussed.

“When late our sire beloved  
Was taken deadly ill,  
Sir Lawyer, you attended him,  
(I mean to tax your bill;)  
And, as you signed and wrote it,  
I pr'ythee read the will.”

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,  
And drew the parchment out ;  
And all the Brentford family  
Sat eager round about :  
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,  
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

“My son, as I make ready  
To seek my last long home,  
Some cares I had for Neddy,  
But none for thee, my Tom :  
Sobriety and order  
You ne'er departed from.

“Ned hath a brilliant genius,  
And thou a plodding brain ;  
On thee I think with pleasure,  
On him with doubt and pain.”  
(“You see, good Ned,” says Thomas,  
“What he thought about us twain.”)

“Though small was your allowance,  
You saved a little store ;  
And those who save a little  
Shall get a plenty more.”  
As the lawyer read this compliment,  
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

“The tortoise and the hare, Tom,  
Set out, at each his pace ;  
The hare it was the fleeter,  
The tortoise won the race ;  
And since the world's beginning,  
This ever was the case.

“Ned's genius, blithe and singing,  
Steps gayly o'er the ground ;  
As steadily you trudge it,  
He clears it with a bound ;  
But dullness has stout legs, Tom,  
And wind that's wondrous sound.

“O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,  
You pass with plodding feet ;  
You heed not one nor t'other,  
But onwards go your beat,  
While genius stops to loiter  
With all that he may meet ;

“And ever, as he wanders,  
Will have a pretext fine  
For sleeping in the morning,  
Or loitering to dine,  
Or dozing in the shade,  
Or basking in the shine.

“ Your little steady eyes, Tom,  
    Though not so bright as those  
That restless round about him  
    Your flashing genius throws,  
Are excellently suited  
    To look before your nose.

“ Thank heaven, then, for the blinkers  
    It placed before your eyes ;  
The stupidest are weakest,  
    The witty are not wise ;  
O, bless your good stupidity,  
    It is your dearest prize !

“ And though my lands are wide,  
    And plenty is my gold,  
Still better gifts from Nature,  
    My Thomas, do you hold —  
A brain that's thick and heavy,  
    A heart that's dull and cold ;

“ Too dull to feel depression,  
    Too hard to heed distress,  
Too cold to yield to passion,  
    Or silly tenderness.  
March on — your road is open  
    To wealth, Tom, and success.

“Ned sinneth in extravagance,  
And you in greedy lust.”  
 (“I’ faith,” says Ned, “our father  
Is less polite than just.”)  
“In you, son Tom, I’ve confidence,  
But Ned I cannot trust.

“Wherefore my lease and copyholds,  
My lands and tenements,  
My parks, my farms, and orchards,  
My houses and my rents,  
My Dutch stock, and my Spanish stock,  
My five and three per cents ;

“I leave to you, my Thomas — ”  
 (“What, all ? ” poor Edward said ;  
“Well, well, I should have spent them,  
And Tom’s a prudent head.”)  
“I leave to you, my Thomas, —  
To you, IN TRUST for Ned.”

The wrath and consternation  
What poet e’er could trace  
That at this fatal passage  
Came o’er Prince Tom his face ;  
The wonder of the company,  
And honest Ned’s amaze !



“ ’Tis surely some mistake,”  
    Good-naturedly cries Ned ;  
The lawyer answered gravely,  
    “ ’Tis even as I said ;  
’Twas thus his gracious majesty  
    Ordained on his death bed.

“ See, here the will is witnessed,  
    And here’s his autograph.”  
“ In truth, our father’s writing,”  
    Says Edward, with a laugh ;  
“ But thou shalt not be loser, Tom,  
    We’ll share it half and half.”

“ Alas ! my kind young gentleman,  
    This sharing cannot be ;  
’Tis written in the testament  
    That Brentford spoke to me,  
‘ I do forbid Prince Ned to give  
    Prince Tom a halfpenny.

“ ‘ He hath a store of money,  
    But ne’er was known to lend it ;  
He never helped his brother ;  
    The poor he ne’er befriended ;

He hath no need of property  
Who knows not how to spend it.

“ ‘ Poor Edward knows but how to spend,  
And thrifty Tom to hoard ;  
Let Thomas be the steward then,  
And Edward be the lord ;  
And as the honest laborer  
Is worthy his reward,

“ ‘ I pray Prince Ned, my second son,  
And my successor dear,  
To pay to his intendant  
Five hundred pounds a year ;  
And to think of his old father,  
And live and make good cheer.’ ”

Such was old Brentford's honest testament ;  
He did devise his moneys for the best,  
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.  
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent ;  
But his good sire was wrong, it is confessed,  
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.  
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,  
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured,  
 O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew ;  
 But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.  
 And when both died, as mortal men will do,  
 'Twas commonly reported that the steward  
 Was very much the richer of the two.

## THE WHITE SQUALL.

---

ON deck, beneath the awning,  
I dozing lay and yawning ;  
It is the gray of dawning,  
    Ere yet the sun arose ;  
And above the funnel's roaring,  
And the fitful wind's deploring,  
I heard the cabin snoring  
    With universal nose.  
I could hear the passengers snorting —  
I envied their disporting —  
Vainly I was courting  
    The pleasure of a doze !

So I lay, and wondered why light  
Came not, and watched the twilight,  
And the glimmer of the skylight,  
    That shot across the deck ;

And the binnacle pale and steady,  
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,  
And the sparks in fiery eddy  
    That whirled from the chimney neck.  
In our jovial floating prison  
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,  
And never a star had risen  
    The hazy sky to speck.  
Strange company we harbored :  
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,  
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered —  
    Jews black, and brown, and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,  
And make your souls uneasy,  
To see those Rabbis greasy,  
    Who did nought but scratch and pray.  
Their dirty children puking —  
Their dirty saucepans cooking —  
Their dirty fingers hooking  
    Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were —  
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were —  
Enormous wide their breeks were —  
    Their pipes did puff away ;

Each on his mat allotted  
In silence smoked and squatted,  
Whilst round their children trotted  
    In pretty pleasant play.  
He can't but smile who traces  
The smiles on those brown faces,  
And the pretty prattling graces  
    Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling —  
And through the ocean rolling  
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling  
    Before the break of day —

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,  
Came o'er the waters scudding ;  
And the clouds began to gather,  
And the sea was lashed to lather,  
And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,  
- And the ship, and all the ocean,  
Woke up in wild commotion.  
Then the wind set up a howling,  
And the poodle dog a yowling,  
And the cocks began a crowing,  
And the old cow raised a lowing,  
As she heard the tempest blowing ;

And fowls and geese did cackle,  
And the cordage and the tackle  
Began to shriek and crackle ;  
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
And down the deck in runnels ;  
And the rushing water soaks all,  
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,  
To the stokers whose black faces  
Peer out of their bed-places ;  
And the captain he was bawling,  
And the sailors pulling, hauling,  
And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
Was shivered in the squalling ;  
And the passengers awaken,  
Most pitifully shaken ;  
And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,  
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,  
As the plunging waters met them,  
And splashed and overset them ;  
And they called in their emergence  
Upon countless saints and virgins ;  
And their marrowbones are bended,  
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard  
Were frightened and behorrored ;  
And shrieking and bewildering,  
The mothers clutched their children ;  
The men sung " Allah ! Illah !  
Mashallah Bismillah !"  
As the warring waters doused them,  
And splashed them and soused them ;  
And they called upon the Prophet,  
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry  
Jumped up and bit like fury ;  
And the progeny of Jacob  
Did on the main-deck wake up,  
(I wot those greasy Rabbins  
Would never pay for cabins ;)   
And each man moaned and jabbered in  
His filthy Jewish gabardine,  
In woe and lamentation,  
And howling consternation.  
And the splashing water drenches  
Their dirty brats and wenches ;  
And they crawl from bales and benches,  
In a hundred thousand stench.



This was the white squall famous,  
Which latterly o'ercame us,  
And which all will well remember  
On the 28th September ;  
When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)  
Came on the deck astonished,  
By that wild squall admonished,  
And wondering cried, " Potz tausend,  
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend ? "  
And looked at Captain Lewis,  
Who calmly stood and blew his  
Cigar in all the bustle,  
And scorned the tempest's tussle ;  
And oft we've thought hereafter  
How he beat the storm to laughter ;  
For well he knew his vessel  
With that vain wind could wrestle ;  
And when a wreck we thought her,  
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,  
How gayly he fought her,  
And through the hubbub brought her,  
And as the tempest caught her,  
Cried, " GEORGE ! SOME BRANDY AND  
WATER ! "

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea, —  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling, and making  
A prayer at home for me.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.



RIDING from Coleraine  
    (Famed for lovely Kitty)  
Came a Cockney bound  
    Unto Derry city ;  
Weary was his soul,  
    Shivering and sad he  
Bumped along the road —  
    Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretched around,  
    Gloomy was their tinting,  
And the horse's hoofs  
    Made a dismal clinting ;  
Wind upon the heath  
    Howling was and piping,

On the heath and bog,  
    Black with many a snipe in ;  
'Mid the bogs of black,  
    Silver pools were flashing,  
Crows upon their sides  
    Picking were and splashing.  
Cockney on the car  
    Closer folds his plaidy,  
Grumbling at the road  
    Leads to Limavaddy.  
Through the crashing woods  
    Autumn brawled and blustered,  
Tossing round about  
    Leaves the hue of mustard ;  
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,  
    Which a storm was whipping,  
Covering with mist  
    Lake, and shores, and shipping.  
Up and down the hill  
    (Nothing could be bolder)  
Horse went with a raw,  
    Bleeding on his shoulder.  
“ Where are horses changed ? ”  
    Said I to the laddy  
Driving on the box :  
    “ Sir, at Limavaddy.”

Limavaddy inn's

But a humble baithouse,

Where you may procure

Whiskey and potatoes ;

Landlord at the door

Gives a smiling welcome

To the shivering wights

Who to his hotel come.

Landlady within

Sits and knits a stocking,

With a wary foot

Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook

Having found admittance,

There I watch a pup

Playing with two kittens ;

(Playing round the fire,

Which of blazing turf is,

Roaring to the pot

Which bubbles with the murphies ;)

And the cradled babe

Fond the mother nursed it,

Singing it a song

As she twists the worsted !

Up and down the stair  
Two more young ones patter,  
(Twins were never seen  
Dirtier nor fatter ;)  
Both have mottled legs,  
Both have snubby noses,  
Both have — here the host  
Kindly interposes :  
“ Sure you must be froze  
With the sleet and hail, sir ;  
So will you have some punch,  
Or will you have some ale, sir ? ”

Presently a maid  
Enters with the liquor,  
(Half a pint of ale  
Frothing in a beaker.)  
Gads ! I didn't know  
What my beating heart meant ;  
Hebe's self I thought  
Entered the apartment.  
As she came she smiled,  
And the smile bewitching,  
On my word and honor,  
Lighted all the kitchen !

With a courtesy neat  
Greeting the new comer,  
Lovely, smiling Peg  
Offers me the rummer ;  
But my trembling hand  
Up the beaker tilted,  
And the glass of ale  
Every drop I spilt it —  
Spilt it every drop  
(Dames who read my volumes,  
Pardon such a word)  
On my what-d'ye-call-ems !

Witnessing the sight  
Of that dire disaster,  
Out began to laugh  
Missis, maid, and master ;  
Such a merry peal,  
'Specially Miss Peg's was,  
(As the glass of ale  
Trickling down my legs was,)  
That the joyful sound  
Of that mingling laughter  
Echoed in my ears  
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal !

    In the meadows listening,  
You who've heard the bells  
    Ringing to a christening ;  
You who ever heard  
    Caradori pretty,  
Smiling like an angel,  
    Singing " Giovineti ; "  
Fancy Peggy's laugh,  
    Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,  
At my pantaloons  
    With half a pint of beer full !

When the laugh was done,  
    Peg, the pretty hussy,  
Moved about the room  
    Wonderfully busy ;  
Now she looks to see  
    If the kettle keep hot ;  
Now she rubs the spoons,  
    Now she cleans the tea-pot ;  
Now she sets the cups  
    Trimly and secure ;  
Now she scours a pot,  
    And so it was I drew her.



Thus it was I drew her  
    Scouring of a kettle,  
(Faith! her blushing cheeks  
    Reddened on the metal!)

Ah! but 'tis in vain  
    That I try to sketch it;  
The pot perhaps is like,  
    But Peggy's face is wretched.  
No, the best of lead,  
    And of Indian rubber,  
Never could depict  
    That sweet kettle scrubber!

See her as she moves!  
    Scarce the ground she touches;  
Airy as a fay,  
    Graceful as a duchess;  
Bare her rounded arm,  
    Bare her little leg is;  
Vestris never showed  
    Ankles like to Peggy's;  
Braided is her hair,  
    Soft her look and modest,  
Slim her little waist,  
    Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,  
Happy is the laddy  
Who the heart can share  
Of Peg of Limavaddy;  
Married if she were,  
Blest would be the daddy  
Of the children fair  
Of Peg of Limavaddy.  
Beauty is not rare  
In the land of Paddy;  
Fair beyond compare  
Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,  
Tory, Whig, or Radi-  
cal would all desire  
Peg of Limavaddy.  
Had I Homer's fire,  
Or that of Serjeant Taddy,  
Meetly I'd admire  
Peg of Limavaddy.  
And till I expire,  
Or till I grow mad, I  
Will sing unto my lyre  
Peg of Limavaddy!

## MAY DAY ODE.



BUT yesterday a naked sod,  
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,  
And cantered o'er it to and fro ;  
And see, 'tis done !

As though 'twere by a wizard's rod  
A blazing arch of lucid glass  
Leaps like a fountain from the grass,  
To meet the sun !

A quiet green but few days since,  
With cattle browsing in the shade,  
And here are lines of bright arcade  
In order raised !

A palace, as for fairy Prince,  
A rare pavilion, such as man  
Saw never, since mankind began  
And built and glazed !

A peaceful place it was but now,  
And lo ! within its shining streets  
A multitude of nations meets ;  
A countless throng,  
I see beneath the crystal bow,  
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,  
Each with his native handiwork  
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe  
To mark the different garb of each ;  
The changing tongue, the various speech  
Together blent.  
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw  
“ All people dwelling upon earth  
Praising our God with solemn mirth  
And one consent.”

High sovereign, in your Royal state,  
Captains, and chiefs, and councillors,  
Before the lofty palace doors  
Are open set ;  
Hush ! ere you pass the shining gate ;  
Hush ! ere the heaving curtain draws,  
And let the Royal pageant pause  
A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep !  
Bow coronet and kingly crown,  
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,  
                                The while the priest,  
Before the splendid portal step,  
    (While still the wondrous banquet stays,)  
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays  
                                Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march ;  
Then let the loud artillery roll,  
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,  
                                And pass the gate.  
Pass underneath the shining arch,  
'Neath which the leafy elms are green ;  
Ascend unto your throne, O queen !  
                                And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place ;  
A gentle lady ; and the hand  
That sways the sceptre of this land,  
                                How frail and weak !  
Soft is the voice, and fair the face,  
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn ;  
No wonder that her eyes are dim,  
                                And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores  
The winds of Austral winter sweep,  
And thousands lie in midnight sleep,  
At rest to-day.

O ! awful is that crown of yours,  
Queen of innumerable realms,  
Sitting beneath the budding elms  
Of English May !

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,  
Strange mystery of God which set  
Upon her brow yon coronet, —  
The foremost crown  
Of all the world on one so fair !  
That chose her to it from her birth,  
And bade the sons of all the earth  
To her bow down.

The representatives of man  
Here from the far Antipodes,  
And from the subject Indian seas,  
In Congress meet ;  
From Afric and from Hindustan,  
From Western continent and isle,  
The envoys of her empire pile  
Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,  
Loading the gallant decks, which once  
Roared a defiance to our guns,  
                                With peaceful store;  
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides! \*  
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,  
And firm their friendly anchors gripe  
                                The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,  
As rivers from their sources gush,  
The swelling floods of nations rush,  
                                And seaward pour:  
From coast to coast in friendly chain,  
With countless ships we bridge the straits,  
And angry ocean separates  
                                Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile —  
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,  
In England's ark assembled thus  
                                Are friend and guest.  
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,

\* The U. S. Frigate St. Lawrence.

And see the sumptuous banquet set,  
The brotherhood of nations met  
Around the feast !

Along the dazzling colonnade,  
Far as the straining eye can gaze,  
Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,  
In vistas bright.  
And statues fair of nymph and maid,  
And steeds and pards and Amazons,  
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,  
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,  
To make the Queen a canopy,  
The peaceful hosts of industry  
Their standards bear.  
Yon are the works of Brahmin loom ;  
On such a web of Persian thread  
The desert Arab bows his head,  
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil ;  
These England's arms of conquest are,  
The trophies of her bloodless war :  
Brave weapons these.



Victorious over wave and soil,  
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,  
Pierces the everlasting hills,  
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,  
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,  
The people hum from floor to roof,  
With Babel tongue.

The fountain in the basin plays,  
The chanting organ echoes clear,  
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,  
A wondrous song!

Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast,  
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march  
By splendid aisle and springing arch  
Of this fair Hall;

And see! above the fabric vast,  
God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,  
God's peaceful sunlight is beaming through,  
Shines over all.

## THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

---

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
For which no rhyme our language yields,  
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is —  
The New Street of the Little Fields ;  
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
But still in comfortable case ;  
The which in youth I oft attended,  
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —  
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,  
That Greenwich never could outdo ;  
Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,  
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace ;  
All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,  
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis ;  
And true philosophers, methinks,  
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
Should love good victuals and good drinks.  
And Cordelier or Benedictine  
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,  
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is ?  
Yes, here the lamp is, as before ;  
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is  
Still opening oysters at the door.  
Is TERRÉ still alive and able ?  
I recollect his droll grimace ;  
He'd come and smile before your table,  
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter ; nothing's changed or older.  
“How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray ?”  
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder ; —  
“Monsieur is dead this many a day.”  
“It is the lot of saint and sinner.  
So honest TERRÉ's run his race ?”  
“What will Monsieur require for dinner ?”  
“Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse ?”

“ Oh, oui, Monsieur, ” ’s the waiter’s answer ;  
“ Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il ? ”  
“ Tell me a good one. ” “ That I can, sir ;  
The Chambertin with yellow seal. ”  
“ So TERRE’S gone, ” I say, and sink in  
My old accustomed corner-place ;  
“ He’s done with feasting and with drinking,  
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse. ”

My old accustomed corner here is,  
The table still is in the nook ;  
Ah ! vanished many a busy year is,  
This well-known chair since last I took.  
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,  
I’d scarce a beard upon my face,  
And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,  
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty  
Of early days, here met to dine ?  
Come, waiter ! quick, a flagon crusty —  
I’ll pledge them in the good old wine.  
The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace ;  
Around the board they take their places,  
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage ;  
There's laughing TOM is laughing yet ;  
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage ;  
There's poor old FRED in the Gazette ;  
On JAMES's head the grass is growing :  
Good Lord ! The world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the Claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In this same place — but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me  
— There's no one now to share my cup.

\* \* \*

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes ;  
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.  
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is ;  
And sit you down and say your grace  
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.  
— Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !

## THE MAHOGANY TREE.



CHRISTMAS is here ;  
Winds whistle shrill,  
Icy and chill,  
Little care we ;  
Little we fear  
Weather without,  
Sheltered about  
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs  
Birds of rare plume  
Sang, in its bloom ;  
Night-birds are we ;  
Here we carouse,  
Singing, like them,  
Perched round the stem  
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit;  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.  
Life is but short —  
When we are gone,  
Let them sing on,  
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,  
Happy as this;  
Faces we miss,  
Pleasant to see.  
Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to your dust!  
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
Lurks at the gate:  
Let the dog wait;  
Happy we'll be!  
Drink, every one;  
Pile up the coals,  
Fill the red bowls,  
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup. —  
Friend, art afraid?  
Spirits are laid  
In the Red Sea.  
Mantle it up;  
Empty it yet;  
Let us forget,  
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite,  
Leave us to-night,  
Round the old tree.



## THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

---

[“A surgeon of the United States army says, that on inquiring of the Captain of his company, he found *that nine tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty.”]—*Morning Paper*.

YE Yankee volunteers !  
It makes my bosom bleed  
When I your story read,  
    Though oft 'tis told one.  
So — in both hemispheres  
The women are untrue,  
And cruel in the New,  
    As in the Old one !

What — in this company  
Of sixty sons of Mars,  
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,  
    With fife and horn,  
Nine tenths of all we see  
Along the warlike line  
Had but one cause to join  
    This Hope Forlorn?

Deserters from the realm  
Where tyrant Venus reigns,  
You slipped her wicked chains,  
    Fled and out-ran her.  
And now, with sword and helm,  
Together banded are  
Beneath the Stripe and Star-  
    embroidered banner!

And is it so with all  
The warriors ranged in line,  
With lace bedizened fine .  
    And swords gold-hilted —  
Yon lusty corporal,  
Yon color-man who gripes  
The flag of Stars and Stripes —  
    Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,  
The privates strong and tall,  
“The pioneers and all,”

    The fifer nimble —  
Lieutenant and Ensign,  
Captain with epaulets,  
And Blacky there, who beats  
    The clanging cymbal —

O cymbal-beating black,  
Tell us, as thou canst feel,  
Was it some Lucy Neal

    Who caused thy ruin?  
O nimble fifing Jack,  
And drummer making din  
So deftly on the skin,  
    With thy rat-tattooing.

Confess, ye volunteers,  
Lieutenant and Ensign,  
And Captain of the line,  
    As bold as Roman —  
Confess, ye grenadiers,  
However strong and tall,  
The Conqueror of you all  
    Is Woman, Woman !

No corselet is so proof,  
But through it from her bow,  
The shafts that she can throw  
    Will pierce and rankle.  
No champion e'er so tough,  
But's in the struggle thrown,  
And tripped and trodden down  
    By her slim ankle.

Thus, always it was ruled,  
And when a woman smiled,  
The strong man was a child,  
    The sage a noodle.  
Alcides was befooled,  
And silly Samson shorn,  
Long, long ere you were born,  
    Poor Yankee Doodle !

## THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.



“ I AM Miss Catherine’s book ” (the Album speaks) ;  
“ I’ve lain among your tomes these many weeks ;  
I’m tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

“ Quick, Pen ! and write a line with a good grace ;  
Come ! draw me off a funny little face ;  
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place.”

### PEN.

I am my master’s faithful old Gold Pen ;  
I’ve served him three long years, and drawn since then  
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O Album ! could I tell you all his ways  
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,  
Lord, how your pretty pages I’d amaze !

## ALBUM.

His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;  
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,  
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!

## PEN.

Since he my faithful service did engage  
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,  
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,  
And dinner cards, and picture pantomimes,  
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;  
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;  
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

\* \* \*

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;  
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;  
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

I've spoke with men of all degree and sort —  
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;  
O, but I've chronicled a deal of sport.

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,  
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,  
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low ;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,  
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small  
Account due Christmas last — I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-  
Guinea ; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph ;  
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,  
Day after day still dipping in my trough,  
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labor's to be done,  
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,  
The indefatigable ink must run.

\* \* \* \*

Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,  
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,  
Where soft hearts greet us whensoever we come.

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,  
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,  
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Kind lady ! till my last of lines is penned,  
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,  
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend !

Not all are so that were so in past years ;  
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears ;  
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

So be it : — joys will end and tears will dry . . . .  
Album ! my master bids me wish good by ;  
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you ;  
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew  
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by ;  
Stranger ! I never writ a flattery,  
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.



## LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.



SEVENTEEN rosebuds in a ring,  
Thick with sister flowers beset,  
In a fragrant coronet,  
Lucy's servants this day bring.  
Be it the birthday wreath she wears  
Fresh and fair, and symboling  
The young number of her years,  
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope !  
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,  
Be you ever fair and sweet,  
And grow lovelier as you ope !  
Gentle nursling, fenced about  
With fond care, and guarded so,  
Scarce you've heard of storms without,  
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow !

Kindly has your life begun,  
And we pray that Heaven may send  
To our floweret a warm sun,  
A calm summer, a sweet end.  
And where'er shall be her home,  
May she decorate the place ;  
Still expanding into bloom,  
And developing in grace.

## THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

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IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,  
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;  
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day  
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,  
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,  
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,  
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes  
from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all cracked,)  
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;  
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see ;  
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the sultan require,  
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;  
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get  
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;  
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;  
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn ;  
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the  
chimes,  
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old  
times ;  
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie  
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,  
There's one that I love and I cherish the best ;  
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair  
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,  
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;  
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have passed through your withered old  
arms ;

I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair ;  
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place ;  
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face !  
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed  
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;  
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,  
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night as I sit here alone —  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair —  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair ;  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

## PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT.



As on this pictured page I look,  
This pretty tale of line and hook,  
As though it were a novel-book,  
Amuses and engages ;  
I know them both, the boy and girl ;  
She is the daughter of the Earl,  
The lad (that has his hair in curl,)  
My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair ;  
The fields lie basking in the glare ;  
No breath of wind the heavy air  
Of lazy summer quickens.  
Hard by, you see the castle tall ;  
The village nestles round the wall,  
As round about the hen, its small  
Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep ;  
To climb the turret is too steep ;  
My lord the Earl is dosing deep,  
    His noonday dinner over ;  
The postern-warder is asleep,  
(Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep,)  
And so from out the gate they creep,  
    And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch ;  
He lays his cloak upon a branch,  
To guarantee his Lady Blanche  
    's delicate complexion :  
He takes his rapier from his haunch,  
That beardless doughty champion staunch ;  
He'd drill it through the rival's paunch  
    That questioned his affection !

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack !  
You never mark, though trout or jack,  
Or little foolish tickleback,  
    Your baited snares may capture.  
What care has *she* for line and hook ?  
She turns her back upon the brook,  
Upon her lover's eyes to look  
    In sentimental rapture.



O loving pair ! as thus I gaze  
Upon the girl who smiles always,  
The little hand that ever plays  
    Upon the lover's shoulder ;  
In looking at your pretty shapes,  
A sort of envious wish escapes  
(Such as the fox had for the grapes)  
    The poet, your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two ;  
With nothing else on earth to do,  
But all day long to bill and coo ;  
    It were a pleasant calling.  
And had I such a partner sweet ;  
A tender heart for mine to beat,  
A gentle hand my clasp to meet ; —  
I'd let the world flow at my feet,  
    And never heed its brawling.

## RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.



“Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle  
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant  
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,  
Ronsard m’a célébré du temps que j’étois belle.”

SOME winter night, shut snugly in  
Beside the fagot in the hall,  
I think I see you sit and spin,  
Surrounded by your maidens all.  
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,  
Old days come back to memory ;  
You say, “ When I was fair and young,  
A poet sang of me ! ”

There’s not a maiden in your hall,  
Though tired and sleepy ever so,  
But wakes, as you my name recall,  
And longs the history to know.

And as the piteous tale is said,  
 Of lady cold and lover true,  
 Each, musing, carries it to bed,  
 And sighs and envies you !

“ Our lady’s old and feeble now,”  
 They’ll say ; “ she once was fresh and fair ;  
 And yet she spurned her lover’s vow,  
 And heartless left him to despair ;  
 The lover lies in silent earth  
 No kindly mate the lady cheers ;  
 She sits beside a lonely hearth,  
 With threescore and ten years ! ”

Ah ! dreary thoughts and dreams are those !  
 But wherefore yield me to despair,  
 While yet the poet’s bosom glows,  
 While yet the dame is peerless fair !  
 Sweet lady mine ! while yet ’tis time  
 Requite my passion and my truth,  
 And gather in their blushing prime  
 The roses of your youth !

AT THE CHURCH GATE.



ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
Yet round about the spot  
    Ofttimes I hover ;  
And near the sacred gate,  
With longing eyes I wait,  
    Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
Above the city's rout,  
    And noise and humming ;  
They've hushed the minster bell :  
The organ 'gins to swell ;  
    She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast,  
    And hastening hither,

With modest eyes downcast :  
She comes — she's here, she's past —  
    May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
    Meekly and duly ;  
I will not enter there,  
To sully your pure prayer  
    With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
    Lingering a minute  
Like outcast spirits who wait  
And see through Heaven's gate  
    Angels within it.

## THE AGE OF WISDOM.



Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,  
That never has known the barber's shear,  
All your wish is woman to win,  
This is the way that boys begin, —  
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer ;  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
Under Bonnybell's window panes, —  
Wait till you come to Forty Year !

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear —  
Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,  
All good fellows whose beards are gray,  
Did not the fairest of the fair  
Common grow and wearisome ere  
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
May pray and whisper, and we not list,  
Or look away, and never be missed,  
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier ;  
How I loved her twenty years syne !  
Marian's married, but I sit here  
Alone and merry at Forty Year,  
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

## SORROWS OF WERTHER.



WERTHER had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter ;  
Would you know how first he met her ?  
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And for all the wealth of Indies,  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.



Charlotte, having seen his body  
    Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
    Went on cutting bread and butter.

## THE LAST OF MAY.

(IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION DATED ON THE 1ST.)



By fate's benevolent award,  
Should I survive the day,  
I'll drink a bumper with my lord  
Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time  
The kindly gods I pray,  
For are not ducks and peas in prime  
Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,  
My knife and fork shall play,  
But better wine and better men,  
I shall not meet in May.

And though, good friend, with whom I dine,  
Your honest beard is gray,  
And like this grizzled head of mine,  
Has seen its last of May,

Yet, with a heart that's ever kind,  
A gentle spirit gay,  
You've spring perennial in your mind !  
And round you make a May !



LOVE SONGS MADE EASY.



WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW?

THE MAY FAIR LOVE SONG.

WINTER and summer, night and morn,  
I languish at this table dark ;  
My office window has a corner  
looks into St. James's Park.  
I hear the foot-guard's bugle horn,  
Their tramp upon parade I mark ;  
I am a gentleman forlorn,  
I am a Foreign Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,  
I find are stale, and dull, and slow ;  
And yesterday, when work was done,  
I felt myself so sad and low,  
I could have seized a sentry's gun  
My wearied brains out, out to blow.  
What is it makes my blood to run ?  
What makes my heart to beat and glow ?

My notes of hand are burnt, perhaps ?  
Some one has paid my tailor's bill ?  
No ; every morn the tailor raps ;  
My I O U's are extant still.  
I still am prey of debt and dun ;  
My elder brother's stout and well.  
What is it makes my blood to run ?  
What makes my heart to glow and swell ?

I know my chief's distrust and hate ;  
He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.  
Ah ! had I genius like the late  
Right Honorable Edmund Burke.  
My chance of all promotion's gone,  
I know it is, he hates me so.  
What is it makes my blood to run,  
And all my heart to swell and glow ?

Why, why is all so bright and gay ?

There is no change, there is no cause ;

My office time I found to-day

Disgusting as it ever was.

At three, I went and tried the clubs,

And yawned and sauntered to and fro ;

And now my heart jumps up and throbs,

And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab ;

I drove as hard as I could go.

The London sky was dirty drab,

And dirty brown the London snow.

And as I rattled in a cant-

er down by dear old Bolton Row,

A something made my heart to pant,

And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find

Old Jawkins pleasant at the club ?

Why was it that I laughed and grinned

At whist, although I lost the rub ?

What was it made me drink like mad

Thirteen small glasses of Curaço ?

That made my inmost heart so glad,

And every fibre thrill and glow ?

She's home again ! she's home, she's home !

• • Away all cares, and griefs and pain ;

I knew she would — she's back from Rome ;

• She's home again ! she's home again !

“The family's gone abroad,” they said,

September last — they told me so ;

Since then my lonely heart is dead,

My blood I think's forgot to flow.

She's home again ! away all care !

O, fairest form the world can show !

O, beaming eyes ! O, golden hair !

O, tender voice, that breathes so low !

O, gentlest, softest, purest heart !

O, joy, O, hope ! — “My tiger, ho !”

Fitz-Clarence said : we saw him start —

He galloped down to Bolton Row.

## THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE SONG.

## THE ROCKS.

I WAS a timid little antelope ;  
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain ;  
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty, in the summer heat ;  
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well ;  
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well ;  
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I looked to see her image in the well ;  
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.  
My mother is alone among the rocks.



## THE MERRY BARD.

ZULEIKAH! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly gray. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

## THE CAIQUE.

YONDER to the kiosk, beside the creek,  
Paddle the swift caique.  
Thou brawny oarsman with the sun-burnt cheek,  
Quick ! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak !

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,  
Swift bending to your oars.  
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,  
Hark ! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,  
The stars themselves more bright,  
As 'mid the waving branches out of sight  
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still ;  
I could not have my fill.  
“How comes,” I said, “such music to his bill? .  
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill.”

“ Once I was dumb,” then did the Bird disclose,  
“ But looked upon the Rose ;  
And in the garden where the loved one grows,  
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose.”

“ O bird of song, there’s one in this caique  
The Rose would also seek,  
So he might learn like you to love and speak.”  
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,  
“ The Rose, the Rose of Love, blushes on Leilah’s cheek.”

## FOUR GERMAN DITTIES.



### A TRAGIC STORY.

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

“——’s war Einer, dem’s zu Herzen gieng.”

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;  
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,  
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,  
And swore he’d change the pigtail’s place,  
And have it hanging at his face,  
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, “The mystery I’ve found ;  
I’ll turn me round.” He turned him round,  
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,  
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;  
In vain — it mattered not a pin —  
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,  
And up and down, and in and out,  
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout  
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,  
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
Alas ! still faithful to his back,  
The pigtail hangs behind him.

---

THE CHAPLET.

FROM UHLAND.

“ Es pflückte Blümlein manigfalt.”

A LITTLE girl through field and wood  
Went plucking flowerets here and there,  
When suddenly beside her stood  
A lady, wondrous fair.

The lovely lady smiled, and laid  
A wreath upon the maiden's brow ;  
"Wear it, 'twill blossom soon," she said,  
"Although 'tis leafless now."

The little maiden older grew,  
And wandered forth of moonlight eves,  
And sighed and loved, as maids will do ;  
When, lo ! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung  
Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom ;  
When from the garland's leaves there sprung  
Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair  
Upon her gentle breast she reared ;  
When 'midst the wreath that bound her hair,  
Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,  
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,  
All sere and withered was the wreath  
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore ;  
She wore it at her dying hour ;  
When, lo ! the wondrous garland bore  
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower !

---

## THE KING ON THE TOWER.

UHLAND.

*“ Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen.”*

THE cold gray hills they bind me around  
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,  
But the winds as they pass o'er all this ground  
Bring me never a sound of woe !

O ! for all I have suffered and striven,  
Care has imbittered my cup and my feast ;  
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,  
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies !  
I turn towards you with longing soul,  
And list to the awful harmonies  
Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is gray and my sight nigh gone ;  
My sword it rusteth upon the wall ;  
Right have I spoken, and right have I done :  
When shall I rest me once for all ?

O blessed rest ! O royal night !  
Wherefore seemeth the time so long  
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,  
And list to their loudest song ?

---

## TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

AND thou wert once a maiden fair,  
A blushing virgin, warm and young,  
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,  
And glossy brow that knew no care —  
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,  
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;



The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,  
All's one — in chimney corner thou  
Sitt'st shivering on.

A moment — and thou sink'st to rest!  
To wake, perhaps an angel blest,  
In the bright presence of thy Lord.  
O, weary is life's path to all!  
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,  
But wondrous the reward!

## IMITATION OF HORACE.



## TO HIS SERVING BOY.

Persicos odi,  
Puer, apparatus ;  
Displicent nexæ  
Philyrâ coronæ :  
Mitte sectari  
Rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto  
Nihil allabores  
Sedulus cura :  
Neque te ministrum  
Dedecet myrtus,  
Neque me sub arctâ  
Vite bibentem.

## AD MINISTRAM.

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is, —

I hate all your Frenchified fuss :  
Your silly entrées and made dishes  
Were never intended for us.  
No footman in lace and in ruffles  
Need dangle behind my arm chair ;  
And never mind seeking for truffles,  
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
I prithee get ready at three ;  
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,  
And what better meat can there be ?  
And when it has feasted the master,  
'Twill amply suffice for the maid ;  
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,  
And tipple my ale in the shade.

## AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.\*



### THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON.

UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,  
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.  
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,  
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,

#### \* WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

“Your Molly has never been false, she declares,  
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;  
When I said that I would continue the same,  
And gave you the 'bacca-box marked with my name.  
When I passed a fortnight between decks with you,  
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?  
To be useful and kind to my Thomas, I staid,  
For his trowsers I washed, and his grog too I made.

“Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall  
With Susan from Deptford and likewise with Sall,

My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,  
As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your crest!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,  
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?  
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,  
Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?  
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,  
To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!  
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior mêlée.  
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,  
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!  
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,  
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine  
That others usurped for a time what was mine!

In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,  
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.  
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?  
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised;  
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;  
Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make."

There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me ;  
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee ;  
Once more by the side of the knight I love best  
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his crest.

---

## THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

YOUR Fanny was never false-hearted,  
And this she protests and she vows,  
From the *triste moment* when we parted  
On the staircase of Devonshire House !  
I blushed when you asked me to marry,  
I vowed I would never forget ;  
And at parting I gave my dear Harry  
A beautiful vinegarette !

We spent *en province* all December,  
And I ne'er condescended to look  
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,  
Or even at that darling old Duke.  
You were busy with dogs and with horses,  
Alone in my chamber I sat,  
And made you the nicest of purses,  
And the smartest black satin cravat !

At night with that vile Lady Frances  
    (*Je faisais moi tapisserie*)  
You danced every one of the dances,  
    And never once thought of poor me !  
*Mon pauvre petit cœur !* what a shiver  
    I felt as she danced the last set,  
And you gave, O, mon Dieu ! to revive her,  
    My beautiful *vinegarette !*

Return, love ! away with coquetting ;  
    This flirting disgraces a man !  
And ah ! all the while you're forgetting  
    The heart of your poor little Fan !  
*Reviens !* break away from those Circes,  
    *Reviens*, for a nice little chat ;  
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,  
    And a lovely black satin cravat !

# THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF.

AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS.

The poet describes  
the city and spell-  
ing of Kiew, Kioff,  
or Kiova.

---

## I.

A THOUSAND years ago, or more,  
A city filled with burghers stout,  
And girt with ramparts round about,  
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.  
In armor bright, by day and night,  
The sentries they paced to and fro.  
Well guarded and walled was this town, and called  
By different names, I'd have you to know ;  
For if you looks in the g'ography books,  
In those dictionaries the name it varies,  
And they write it off Kieff or Kioff,  
Kiova or Kiow.



## II.

Its buildings, public  
works, and ordi-  
nances, religious  
and civil.

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,  
 Kiova within was a place of renown,  
 With more advantages than in those dark ages  
 Were commonly known to belong to a town.  
 There were places and squares, and each year four fairs,  
 And regular aldermen, and regular lord mayors ;  
 And streets, and alleys, and a bishop's palace ;  
 And a church with clocks, for the orthodox —  
 With clocks and with spires, as religion desires ;  
 And beadles to whip the bad little boys  
 Over their poor little corduroys,  
 In service time, when they *didn't* make a noise ;  
 And a chapter and dean, and a cathedral green  
 With ancient trees, underneath whose shades  
 Wandered nice young nursery maids.  
 Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,  
 The bells they made a merry, merry ring,  
 From the tall, tall steeple ; and all the people  
 (Except the Jews) came and filled the pews —  
 Poles, Russians, and Germans,  
 To hear the sermons  
 Which HYACINTH preached to those  
 Germans and Poles,  
 For the safety of their souls.

The poet shows how  
a certain priest  
dwelt at Kioff, a  
godly clergyman,  
and one that  
preached rare good  
sermons.

How this priest was  
short, and fat of  
body;

## III.

A worthy priest he was, and a stout —  
You've seldom looked on such a one;  
For, though he fasted thrice in a week,  
Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek;  
His waist it spanned two yards about,  
And he weighed a score of stone.

And like unto the  
author of "Plym-  
ley's Letters."

## IV.

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer,  
And mortification most deserving,  
And as for preaching, beyond compare;  
He'd exert his powers for three or four hours,  
With greater pith than Sidney Smith,  
Or the Reverend Edward Irving.

Of what convent he  
was prior, and when  
the convent was  
built.

## V.

He was the prior of Saint Sophia,  
(A Cockney rhyme, but no better I know) —  
Of St. Sophia, that church in Kiow,  
Built by missionaries I can't tell when;  
Who by their discussions converted the Russians,  
And made them Christian men.

## VI.

Of Saint Sophia of  
Kioff; and how her  
statue miraculously  
travelled thither.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)  
With special favor did regard this house;  
And to uphold her convert's new devotion,  
(Her statue needing but her legs for *her* ship)  
Walks of itself across the German ocean;  
And of a sudden perches  
In this the best of churches,  
Whither all Kiovites come and pay it grateful worship.

## VII.

And how Kioff  
should have been a  
happy city; but that

Thus with her patron saints and pious preachers,  
Recorded here in catalogue precise,  
A goodly city, worthy magistrates,  
You would have thought in all the Russian states  
The citizens the happiest of all creatures,  
The town itself a perfect Paradise.

## VIII.

No, alas! this well-built city  
Was in a perpetual fidget;  
For the Tartars, without pity,  
Did remorselessly besiege it.

Certain wicked Cos-  
sacks did besiege it,

Tartars fierce, with swords and sabres,  
 Huns and Turks, and such as these,  
 Envied much their peaceful neighbors  
 By the blue Borysthènes.

Murdering the  
 citizens,

Down they came, these ruthless Russians,  
 From their steppes, and woods, and  
 fens,  
 For to levy contributions  
 On the peaceful citizens.

Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn,  
 Down they came to peaceful Kioff,  
 Killed the burghers when they caught  
 'em,  
 If their lives they would not buy off.

Until they agreed  
 to pay a tribute  
 yearly.

Till the city, quite confounded  
 By the ravages they made,  
 Humbly with their chief compounded,  
 And a yearly tribute paid ;

How they paid  
 the tribute, and  
 then suddenly  
 refused it,

Which (because their courage lax was)  
 They discharged while they were able ;  
 Tolerated thus the tax was,  
 Till it grew intolerable.

And the Calmuc envoy sent,  
     As before, to take their dues all,  
 Got, to his astonishment,  
     A unanimous refusal !

To the wonder of  
 the Cossack envoy.

“Men of Kioff!” thus courageous      Of a mighty gallant  
     Did the stout lord-mayor har-      speech  
     angue them,  
 “Wherefore pay these sneaking wages  
     To the hectoring Russians? hang them !

“Hark ! I hear the awful cry of      That the lord-mayor  
     Our forefathers in their graves ;      made,  
 ‘Fight, ye citizens of Kioff !  
     Kioff was not made for slaves.’

“All too long have ye betrayed her ;      Exhorting the  
     Rouse, ye men and aldermen,      burghers to pay no  
 Send the insolent invader —      longer.  
     Send him starving back again !”

## IX.

He spoke and he sat down ; the people      Of their thanks and  
     of the town,      heroic resolves.  
     Who were fired with a brave em-  
     ulation,

Now rose with one accord, and voted  
 thanks unto the lord-  
 Mayor for his oration :

They dismiss the  
 envoy, and set  
 about drilling.

The envoy they dismissed, never placing  
 in his fist  
 So much as a single shilling ;  
 And all with courage fired, as his lordship  
 he desired,  
 At once set about their drilling.

Of the city guard :  
 viz., militia, dra-  
 goons, and bum-  
 madiers, and their  
 commanders.

Then every city ward established a guard,  
 Diurnal and nocturnal ;  
 Militia volunteers, light dragoons and  
 bombardiers,  
 With an alderman for colonel.

There was muster and roll-calls, and repair-  
 ing city walls,  
 And filling up of fosses :

Of the majors and  
 captains,

And the captains and the majors, so gallant  
 and courageous,  
 A-riding about on their hosses.

The fortifications  
 and artillery.

To be guarded at all hours they built  
 themselves watch-towers,  
 With every tower a man on ;

And surely and secure, each from out his embrasure,  
Looked down the iron cannon !

A battle-song was writ for the theatre, where it  
Was sung with vast énérgy

And rapturous applause ; and besides, the  
public cause

Of the conduct  
of the actors  
and the clergy.

Was supported by the clergy.

The pretty ladies' maids were pinning of cockades,  
And tying on of sashes ;  
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers blustered  
fierce,  
About gun-shot and gashes ;

The ladies took the hint, and all day were  
scraping lint,

Of the ladies ;

As became their softer genders ;

And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the heads  
Of the city's brave defenders.

The men, both young and old, felt resolute and bold,  
And panted hot for glory ;

Even the tailors 'gan to brag, and em-  
broidered on their flag,

And, finally, of  
the taylors.

“AUT WINCERE AUT MORI.”

## X.

Of the Cossack  
chief,—his  
stratagem;

Seeing the city's resolute condition,  
The Cossack chief, too cunning to de-  
spise it,

Said to himself, "Not having ammunition  
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,  
Some of these nights I'll carry it by storm,  
And sudden escalate it or surprise it.

And the bur-  
ghers' sillie  
victorie.

"Let's see, however, if the cits stand  
firmish."

He rode up to the city gates; for answers,  
Out rushed an eager troop of the town *élite*,  
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish:  
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,  
Leaving the victory with the city lancers.

What prisoners  
they took,

They took two prisoners, and as many  
horses,

And the whole town grew quickly so elate  
With this small victory of their virgin forces,  
That they did deem their privates and commanders  
So many Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders,  
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great.



And puffing with inordinate conceit

And how conceited they were.

They utterly despised these Cossack thieves ;  
 And thought the ruffians easier to beat  
 Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.  
 Meanwhile, a sly spectator of their joys,  
 The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves.

“ Whene’er you meet yon stupid city hogs

Of the Cossack chief,—his orders;

(He bade his troops precise this order keep),

“ Don’t stand a moment — run away, you dogs ! ”

’Twas done ; and when they met the town battalions,  
 The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,  
 Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep.

They fled, obedient to their captain’s order :

And how he feigned a retreat.

And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,  
 When, viewing the country round, the city warder  
 (Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch  
 Upon the steeple of Saint Sophy’s church,)  
 Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty blast he blasted.

His voice it might be heard through all  
 the streets

The warder proclaims the Cossacks’ retreat, and the citie greatly rejoices.

(He was a warder wondrous strong in  
 lung,)

“ Victory, victory ! the foe retreats ! ”

“The foe retreats !” each cries to each he meets ;

“The foe retreats !” each in his turn repeats.

Gods ! how the guns did roar, and how the joy-  
bells rung !

Arming in haste his gallant city lancers,

The Mayor, to learn if true the news might be,  
A league or two out issued with his prancers.

The Cossacks (something had given their courage  
a damper,)

Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to scamper :

Blessed be all the saints, Kiova town was free !

# XI.

Now, puffed with pride, the Mayor grew vain,

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
the slain.

'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,

And not be very murderous ;

For as of those who to death were done

The number was exactly *none*,

His lordship, in his soul's elation

Did take a bloodless recreation —

Going home again, he did ordain

A very splendid cold collation

The manner  
of the cities'  
rejoycings,

For the magistrates and the corporation ;

Likewise a grand illumination,

For the amusement of the nation.

That night the theatres were free,

The conduits they ran Malvoisie ;

Each house that night did beam with light

And sound with mirth and jollity :

But shame, O shame ! not a soul in the      And its impiety.

town,

Now the city was safe, and the Cossacks flown,

Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care

The town had been rid of these terrible Turks —

Said even a prayer to that patroness fair,

For these her wondrous works !

Lord Hyacinth waited, the meekest of

priors —

How the priest,  
Hyacinth, waited  
at church, and  
nobody came  
thither.

He waited at church with the rest of his friars ;

He went there at noon, and he waited till ten,

Expecting in vain the lord-mayor and his men.

He waited and waited from mid-day to dark ;

But in vain — you might search through the whole of the  
church,

Not a layman, alas ! to the city's disgrace,

From mid-day to dark showed his nose in the place.

The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk,

Kept away from their work, and were dancing like mad



The pages came with cup and can, all for the guests  
allotted ;

Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as      How the grooms  
up the stairs he trotted !                      and lackeys jeered  
him.

He entered in the ante-rooms, where sat the mayor's  
court in ;

He found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing and  
a-sporting ;

The horrid wine and 'bacco fumes, they set the prior  
a-snorting !

The prior thought he'd speak about their sins before he  
went hence,

And lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance ;

The rogues, they kicked the prior out before he'd done a  
sentence !

And having got no portion small of buffet-  
ing and tussling,

At last he reached the banquet-hall, where  
sat the mayor a-guzzling,

And the mayor,  
mayoress, and  
aldermen, being  
tipsie, refused to  
go to church.

And by his side his lady tall, dressed out in white sprig  
muslin.

Around the table in a ring the guests were drinking  
heavy ;

They drunk the church, and drunk the king, and the army  
and the navy;  
In fact, they'd toasted every thing. The prior said, "God  
save ye!"

The mayor cried, "Bring a silver cup — there's one upon  
the beaufét;  
And, prior, have the venison up — it's capital *rechauffé*.  
And so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup? And, pray you,  
how's Saint Sophy?"  
The prior's face quite red was grown, with horror and  
with anger;  
He flung the proffered goblet down — it made a hideous  
clangor;  
And 'gan a-preaching with a frown — he was a fierce  
haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen — they all set up  
a-jeering:  
He tried the common councilmen — they too began  
a-sneering;  
He turned towards the may'ress then, and hoped to get  
a hearing.  
He knelt and seized her dinner dress, made of the muslin  
snowy,

“To church, to church, my sweet mistress!” he cried;  
“the way I’ll show ye.”

Alas, the lady-mayoress fell back as drunk as Chloe!

## XIII.

Out from this dissolute and drunken court      How the prior  
went back alone,

Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping dim:

He tried the people of a meaner sort —

They, too, alas! were bent upon their sport,

And not a single soul would follow him!

But all were swigging schnaps and guzzling beer.

He found the cits, their daughters, sons, and spouses

Spending the live-long night in fierce carouses:

Alas! unthinking of the danger near!

One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,

The rest were sharing in the general feast:

“God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded;

Sweet Saint Sophia help us!” cried the priest.

Alone he entered the cathedral gate,

Careful he locked the mighty oaken door;

Within his company of monks did wait,

A dozen poor old pious men — no more.

O, but it grieved the gentle prior sore,  
To think of those lost souls, given up to drink and fate !

And shut himself      The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,  
into Saint Sophia's      The poor old friars stirred their poor  
chapel with his      old bones,  
brethren.

And pattering swiftly on the damp, cold stones,  
They through the solitary chancel passed.  
The chancel walls looked black, and dim, and vast,  
And rendered, ghost-like, melancholy tones.

Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a  
Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at,  
They locked and double-locked the inner wicket,  
And stood within the chapel of Sophia.  
Vain were it to describe this sainted place ;  
Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,  
The venerable statue of Saint Sophy,  
Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace.

Here the good prior, his personal griefs and sorrows  
In his extreme devotion quickly merging,  
At once began to pray with voice sonorous ;  
The other friars joined in pious chorus,  
And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging,  
In honor of Sophia, that sweet virgin.



## XIV.

Leaving thus the pious priest in  
Humble penitence and prayer,  
And the greedy cits a-feasting,  
Let us to the walls repair.

The episode of  
Sneezoff and  
Katinka.

Walking by the sentry-boxes,  
Underneath the silver moon,  
Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his —  
Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezoff was his designation,  
Fair-haired boy, for ever pitied;  
For to take his cruel station,  
He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in  
Tender love's delicious plenties;  
She a damsel of the kitchen,  
He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

'Tinka, maiden tender-hearted,  
Was dissolved in tearful fits,  
On that fatal night she parted  
From her darling, fair-haired Fritz.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in  
Comforter and muffetee ;  
Called him " general " and " captain,"  
Though a simple private he.

" On your bosom wear this plaster,  
'Twill defend you from the cold ;  
In your pipe smoke this canaster,  
Smuggled 'tis, my love, and old.

" All the night, my love, I'll miss you."  
Thus she spoke ; and from the door  
Fair-haired Sneezoff made his issue,  
To return, alas ! no more.

He it is who calmly walks his  
Walk beneath the silver moon ;  
He it is who boldly cocks his  
Detonating musketoon.

He the bland canaster puffing,  
As upon his round he paces,  
Sudden sees a ragamuffin  
Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

“ Who goes there ? ” exclaims the sentry ;

“ When the sun has once gone down

No one ever makes an entry

Into this here fortified town ! ”

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezoff ;

But, ere any one replied,

Wretched youth ! he fired his piece off,

Started, staggered, groaned, and died !

How the sentrie  
Sneezoff was sur-  
prised and slayn.

#### XV.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, “ Who  
goes there ? ”

How the Cos-  
sacks rushed in  
suddenly and  
took the citie.

But echo was frightened too much to declare.

Who goes there ? who goes there ? Can any one swear

To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,

Or the whiskers of D’Orsay Count down to a hair ?

As well might you tell of the sands the amount,

Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,

As ever proclaim the number and name

Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came !

Down, down the knaves poured with fire and with sword :

There were thieves from the Danube and

rogues from the Don ;

Of the Cossack  
troops,

There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks ;

Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions —  
Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulman :

Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night !

And of their manner of burning, murdering, and ravishing. The gates were all taken — no chance e'en  
of flight ;

And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks  
Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs ;  
They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew —  
Women and children, they slaughtered them too.  
Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,  
Or the river — but, O, they had burned all the boats !

\* \* \* \* \*

How they burned  
the whole citie  
down, save the  
church,

But here let us pause — for I can't pursue  
further

This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murther.  
Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed !  
His plan of attack was successful indeed !  
The night was his own — the town it was gone ;  
'Twas a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.  
One building alone had escaped from the fires,

Whereof the bells began to ring. Saint Sophy's fair church, with its steeples  
and spires.

Calm, stately, and white,  
It stood in the light ;

And as if 'twould defy all the conqueror's power, —  
 As if nought had occurred,  
 Might clearly be heard  
 The chimes ringing soberly every half hour !

## XVI.

The city was defunct — silence succeeded  
 Unto its last fierce agonizing yells ;  
 And then it was the conqueror first heeded  
 The sound of these calm bells.

Furious towards his aides-de-camps  
 he turns,  
 And (speaking as if Byron's works  
 he knew)

How the Cossack  
 chief bade them  
 burn the church  
 too.

“ Villains ! ” he fiercely cries, “ the city burns,  
 Why not the temple too ?  
 Burn me yon church, and murder all within ! ”

The Cossacks thundered at the  
 outer door ;  
 And Father Hyacinth, who heard the  
 din

How they  
 stormed it ; and  
 of Hyacinth, his  
 anger thereat.

(And thought himself and brethren in distress,  
 Deserted by their lady patroness),  
 Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes out-  
 pour.

## XVII.

His prayer to the  
Saint Sophia.

“ And is it thus, O falsest of the saints,  
Thou hearest our complaints ?  
Tell me, did ever my attachment falter  
To serve thy altar ?  
Was not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,  
The last upon my lip ?  
Was not thy name the very first that broke  
From me when I awoke ?  
Have I not tried with fasting, flogging, penance,  
And mortified countenance  
For to find favor, Sophy, in thy sight ?  
And lo ! this night,  
Forgetful of my prayers, and thine own promise,  
Thou turnest from us ;  
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,  
And, without pity,  
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,  
Burn down their houses !  
Is such a breach of faith to be endured ?  
See what a lurid  
Light from the insolent invader's torches  
Shines on your porches !  
E'en now, with thundering battering-ram and hammer  
And hideous clamor ;

With axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen, bowmen,  
 The conquering fœmen,  
 O Sophy ! beat your gate about your ears,  
 Alas ! and here's  
 A humble company of pious men,  
 Like muttons in a pen,  
 Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrust, —  
 Because in you they trusted.  
 Do you not know the Calmuc chief's desires —  
 KILL ALL THE FRIARS !  
 And you of all the saints most false and fickle,  
 Leave us in this abominable pickle."

"RASH HYACINTHUS !"

The statue suddenly speaks ;

(Here to the astonishment of all her backers,  
 Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,  
 Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,  
 Began) "I did not think that you had been thus, —  
 O monk of little faith ! Is it because  
 A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen  
 Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*, then ?  
 Think'st thou that I, who in a former day  
 Did walk across the Sea of Marmora  
 (Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas), —  
 That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthenes,  
 Without so much as wetting of my toes,

Am frightened at a set of men like *those* ?  
 I have a mind to leave you to your fate :  
 Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires."

But is interrupted  
 by the breaking in  
 of the Cossacks.

Saint Sophy was here

Cut short in her words, —

For at this very moment in tumbled the gate,  
 And with a wild cheer,  
 And a clashing of swords,  
 Swift through the church porches,  
 With a waving of torches,  
 And a shriek, and a yell,  
 Like the devils of hell,  
 With pike and with axe  
 In rushed the Cossacks, —  
 In rushed the Cossacks, crying, "MURDER  
 THE FRIARS !"

Of Hyacinth, his  
 outrageous address,

Ah ! what a thrill felt Hyacinth.

When he heard that villanous shout Calmuc !  
 Now, thought he, my trial beginneth ;  
 " Saints, O give me courage and pluck !  
 Courage, boys, 'tis useless to funk !  
 Thus unto the friars he began,  
 Never let it be said that a monk  
 Is not likewise a gentleman.



Though the patron saint of the church,  
 Spite of all that we've done and we've prayed,  
 Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch,  
 Hang it, gentlemen, who's afraid ? ”

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke,

And prepara-  
 tion for dying.

He with an air as easy and as free as  
 If the quick-coming murder were a joke,  
 Folded his robes around his sides, and took  
 Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,  
 Like Cæsar at the statue of Pompeius.  
 The monks no leisure had about to look  
 (Each being absorbed in his particular case),  
 Else had they seen with what celestial grace,  
 A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's mahogany face.

um

“ Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my  
 son ! ”

Saint Sophia,  
 her speech.

Thus spoke the sainted statue.

“ Though you doubted me in the hour of need,  
 And spoke of me very rude indeed,  
 You deserve good luck for showing such pluck,  
 And I won't be angry at you.”

The monks by-standing, one and all,  
 Of this wondrous scene beholders,

She gets on the  
 prior's shoulders  
 straddleback,

To this kind promise listened content,  
And couldn't contain their astonishment,  
When Saint Sophia moved and went  
Down from her wooden pedestal,  
And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,  
Round Hyacinthus's shoulders !

And bids      "Ho ! forwards," cries Sophy, "there's no time  
him run.                      for waiting,

The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in :  
See the glare of their torches shines red through the  
grating ;

We've still the back door, and two minutes or more.  
Now, boys, now or never, we must make for the river,  
For we only are safe on the opposite shore.  
Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran, —  
Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man :  
And I'll lay five to two that you carry us through,  
Only scamper as fast as you can."

He runneth,

XVIII.

Away went the priest through the little back door,  
And light on his shoulders the image he bore :

The honest old priest was not punished the least,  
Though the image was eight feet, and he measured four.

Away went the prior, and the monks at his tail  
Went snorting, and puffing, and panting full sail ;  
And just as the last at the back door had passed,  
In furious hunt behold at the front  
The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible cheers ;  
With axes, and halberds, and muskets, and spears,  
With torches a-flaming the chapel now came in.  
They tore up the mass book, they stamped on the psalter,  
They pulled the gold crucifix down from the altar ;  
The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires,  
And many cried “ Curse on them ! where are the friars ? ”  
When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,  
One chanced to fling open the little back door,  
Spied out the friars’ white robes and long shadows  
In the moon, scampering over the meadows,  
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,  
By crying out lustily, “ THERE GO THE  
PARSONS ! ”

And the Tar-  
tars after him.

With a whoop and a yell, and a scream, and a shout.  
At once the whole murderous body turned out ;  
And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,  
Pursued the poor short-winged men of religion.

When the sound of that cheering came  
to the monk's hearing,

How the friars  
sweated,

O Heaven ! how the poor fellows panted and blew !

At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running,

When the Tartars came up, what the deuce should  
they do ?

“They’ll make us all martyrs, those bloodthirsty  
Tartars !”

Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.

The shouts they came clearer, the foe they drew  
nearer ;

O, how the bolts whistled, and how the lights shone !

“I cannot get further, this running is murder ;

Come carry me, some one !” cried big Father John.

And even the statue grew frightened, “Od rat you !”

It cried, “ Mr. Prior, I wish you’d get on !”

On tugged the good friar, but nigher and nigher

Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword and with fire.

On tugged the good prior, at Saint Sophy’s desire, —

A scramble through bramble, through mud and through  
mire.

The swift arrows’ whizziness causing a dizziness,

Nigh done his business, fit to expire.

Father Hyacinth tugged, and the monks they tugged  
after :

The foemen pursued with a horrible laughter,

And the pursuers fixed arrows into their tails.	And hurled their long spears round the poor brethren’s ears,
---	---

So true, that next day in the coats of each  
priest,

Though never a wound was given, there were found  
 A dozen arrows at least.

Now the chase seemed at its worst,	How, at the
Prior and monks were fit to burst ;	last gasp,
Scarce you knew the which was first,	
Or pursuers or pursued ;	
When the statue, by Heaven's grace,	
Suddenly did change the face	
Of this interesting race,	
As a saint, sure, only could.	

For as the jockey who at Epsom rides,  
 When that his steed is spent and punished sore,  
 Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides,  
 And thereby makes him run one or two furlongs more ;  
 Even thus, betwixt the eighth rib and the ninth,  
 The saint rebuked the prior, that weary creeper ;  
 Fresh strength into his limbs her kicks imparted.  
 One bound he made, as gay as when he  
                   started.  
 Yes, with his brethren clinging at his  
                   cloak,  
 The statue on his shoulders — fit to choke —  
 One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth,  
 And soused friars, statue, and all, slap dash into the  
                   Dnieper !

The friars won,  
 and jumped in-  
 to Borysthenes  
 fluvius.

And low the  
Russians saw

## XIX.

And when the Russians, in a fiery rank,  
Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore ;  
    (For here the vain pursuing they forebore,  
Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank),  
Then, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,  
    A sight they witnessed never seen before,  
And which, with its accompaniments glorious,  
Is writ i' the golden book, or *liber aureus*.

The statue get off  
Hyacinth his back,  
and sit down with  
the friars on Hy-  
acinth his cloak

Plump in the Dnieper flounced the friar  
and friends, —  
They dangling round his neck, he fit to  
choke,

When suddenly his most miraculous cloak  
Over the billowy waves itself extends.  
Down from his shoulders quietly descends  
    The venerable Sophy's statue of oak ;  
Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,  
Bids all the brethren follow its example !

How in this man-  
ner of boat they  
sayled away.

Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease ;  
The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,  
And (waving to the foe a salutation)  
Sailed with her wondering, happy protégés

Gayly adown the wide Borysthenes,

Until they came unto some friendly nation.

And when the heathen had at length grown shy of

Their conquest, she one day came back again to Kioff.

XX.

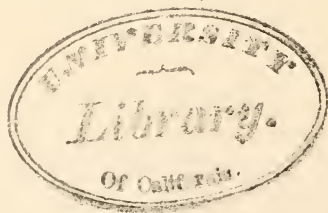
Finis, or  
the end.

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING AT  
YOU ;

YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE STATUE !

13

J



TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.



LILLE, Sept. 2, 1843.

*My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal ?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.*

I.

WITH twenty pounds but three weeks since  
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,  
I thought myself as rich a prince  
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means —  
In troth, I was a happy chiel !  
I passed the gates of Valenciennes.  
I never thought to come by Lille.



I never thought my twenty pounds  
Some rascal knave would dare to steal ;  
I gayly passed the Belgic bounds  
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hastened post,  
And as I took my evening meal  
I felt my pouch, — my purse was lost,  
O Heaven ! Why came I not by Lille ?

I straightway called for ink and pen,  
To grandmamma I made appeal ;  
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten  
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma,  
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel)  
But where I went, and what I saw,  
What matters ? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal ?  
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

## II.

To stealing I can never come,  
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,  
Besides, I left my watch at home ;  
How could I pawn it, then, at Lille ?

“ *La note*, ” at times the guests will say,  
I turn as white as cold boiled veal ;  
I turn and look another way,  
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,  
“ Good sir, I cannot pay your bill ; ”  
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,  
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,  
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,  
And so he serves me every day  
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face  
I blush as red as cochineal ;

And think did he but know my case,  
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

## III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,  
I perspire from head to heel;  
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise;  
How can I, without cash, at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot  
By cafés where in beer they deal;  
I think how pleasant were a pot,  
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,  
All girt around with guard and grille?  
O, gracious gods, it makes me sick,  
It is the *prison-house* of Lille!

O curséd prison strong and barred,  
It does my very blood congeal !  
I tremble as I pass the guard,  
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,  
I turn away at his appeal :  
Ah, church-door beggar ! go thy ways !  
You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal ?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

## IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,  
And at a Popish altar kneel ?  
O do not leave me in the lurch, —  
I'll cry ye patron-saints of Lille !

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,  
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,

Look kindly down ! before you stoops  
The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo ! as I beheld with awe  
A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real)  
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma ! —  
It did ! and I had hope in Lille !

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,  
Although I could not pay, my meal :  
I hasten back into the street  
Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand, —  
A letter with a well-known seal ?  
'Tis grandmamma's ! I know her hand, —  
“ To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille.”

I feel a choking in my throat,  
I pant and stagger, faint and reel !  
It is — it is — a ten pound note,  
And I'm no more in pawn at Lille !

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to  
the bosom of his happy family.]

## LYRA HIBERNICA.

THE POEMS OF THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY.



### THE PIMLICO PAVILION.

YE pathrons of janius, Minerva, and Vanius,  
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,  
Descind from your station and make observation  
Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden, by jakurs, is forty poor acres,  
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know ;)  
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,  
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

O 'tis there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the  
Court is

Walking magnanimous all of a row,  
Forgetful what state is among the pataties  
And the pine-apple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odo'rous the birds sing a chorus,  
Of " God save the Queen " as they hop to and fro ;  
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,  
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico.

There shuiting their phanthasies, they pluck polyanthuses  
That round in the gardens resplindently grow,  
Wid roses and jessimins, and other sweet specimins,  
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,  
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,  
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows  
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splendid,  
You see on its summit a wondtherful show —  
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,  
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert, of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers,  
    (On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow,)  
With goold and vermillion has decked that Pavilion,  
    Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,  
    And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow;  
I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead  
    Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O,  
    And while round the chamber astonished I go,  
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces,  
    Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney, (a good one to limn he,)  
    And a vargin he paints with a serpent below;  
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,  
    Is painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it;  
    O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow:  
But Sir Ross's best faiture, is small mini-ature —  
    He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.



There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings ;  
There's Dice, as brave masther as England can show ;  
And the flowers and the sthrawberries, sure he no dauber is,  
That painted the panels of famed Pimlico !

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,  
Sure the marble's as natural as thrue Scaglio ;  
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,  
And ait butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico.

There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,  
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo ;  
Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janius abounds in't ;)  
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,  
But some I won't mintion is rather so so ;  
For sweet philoso'phy, or crumpets and coffee,  
O where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico ?

O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,  
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero ;  
So heavenly Goddess, d'ye pardon my modesty,  
And silence my lyre ! about sweet Pimlico.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



WITH janial foire  
Thransfuse me loyre,  
Ye sacred nymphs of Pindus,  
The whoile I sing  
That wondthrous thing,  
The Palace made o' windows !

Say, Paxton, truth,  
Thou wondthrous youth,  
What sthroke of art celistial,  
What power was lint  
You to invint  
This combinection cristial ?

O would before  
That Thomas Moore,  
Likewise the late Lord Byron,  
Thim aigles sthrong  
Of godlike song  
Cast oi on that cast oiron !

And saw thim walls,  
And glittering halls,  
Thim rising slendther columns,  
Which I, poor pote,  
Could not denote,  
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words  
Is like the birds  
That roosts beneath the panes there ;  
Her wings she spoils  
'Gainst them bright tiles,  
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,  
This Cristial Hall,  
Which Imperors might covet,  
Stands in High Park,  
Like Noah's Ark,  
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,  
In other scaynes,  
The fame of this will undo,  
Saint Paul's big doom,  
Saint Payther's Room,  
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,  
As well becomes  
Her dignitee and stations,  
Victoria Great,  
And houlds in state  
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours  
From distant shores,  
Her Injians and Canajians ;  
And also we,  
Her kingdoms three,  
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise  
Her bould allies,  
Both Asian and European ;  
From East and West  
They send their best  
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace !)  
This wondthrou place  
(His Noble Honour Mither  
H. Cole it was  
That gave the pass,  
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide  
I stud insoide  
And looked the World's Great Fair in,  
Until me sight  
Was dazzled quite,  
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints  
And window paints,  
By Maydiayval Pugin ;  
Alhamborough Jones  
Did paint the tones  
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there  
And crosses fair ;  
There's water-gods with urns ;  
There's organs three,  
To play, d'ye see,  
“ God save the Queen,” by turrs.

There's Statues bright  
Of marble white,  
Of silver, and of copper ;  
And some in zinc,  
And some, I think,  
That isn't over proper.

There's staym Ingynes,  
That stands in lines,  
Enormous and amazing,  
That squeal and snort  
Like whales in sport,  
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,  
And pins for pigs ;  
There's dibblers and there's harrows,  
And ploughs like toys  
For little boys,  
And elegant wheel-barrows.

For them genteels  
Who ride on wheels,  
There's plenty to indulge 'em ;  
There's Droskys snug  
From Paytersbug,  
And vayhecles from Bulgium.

There's Cabs on Stands  
And Shandthry danns ;  
There's Waggon from New York here ;  
There's Lapland Sleighs  
Have crossed the says,  
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass  
From glass to glass,  
Deloighted I survey 'em ;  
Fresh wondthers grows  
Before me nose  
In this sublime Musayum !

Look, here's a fan  
From far Japan,  
A sabre from Damasco ;  
There's shawls ye got  
From far Thibet,  
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,  
Marocky boots,  
And Naples Macaronies ;  
Bohaymia  
Has sent Bohay  
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints  
That's quite imminse,  
There's sacks of coals and fuels,  
There's swords and guns,  
And soap in tuns,  
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,  
And cannons rare ;  
There's coffins filled with roses ;  
There's canvas tints,  
Teeth insthrumints,  
And shuits of clothes, by MOSES.

There's lashins more  
Of things in store,  
But thim I don't remimber ;  
Nor could disclose  
Did I compose  
From May time to Novimber !

Ah JUBY thru !  
With eyes so blue,  
That you were here to view it !  
And could I screw  
But tu pound tu,  
'Tis I would thrait you to it !



So let us raise  
Victoria's praise,  
And Albert's proud condition,  
That takes his ayse  
As he surveys  
This Cristial Exhibition.

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## MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,  
And read what the peepers repoort?  
They're goan to recal the Liftinant,  
And shut up the Castle and Coort!  
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,  
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,  
And now, having murdthered our counthry,  
They're goin to kill the Viceroy,  
Dear boy;  
'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,  
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,  
As he weaves his cocked hat from the windies,  
And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?

I liked for to see the young haroes,  
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,  
A horsing about in the Phaynix,  
And winking the girls in the cyars,  
Like Mars,  
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell, exoiled to Bermudies,  
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,  
And there'll be an abundance of croyin  
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,  
When they read of this news in the peepers,  
Acrass the Atlantical wave,  
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints  
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.  
God save  
The Queen — she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,  
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,  
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor  
From Doblin's sad city departs?  
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,  
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?

And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,  
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?  
In sthrains  
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,  
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,  
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,  
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;  
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,  
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,  
But now that the Coort is concluded,  
The divvle a yard will she get;  
I bet,  
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,  
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';  
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,  
They mounted the neatest of wigs.  
When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,  
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,  
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,  
Because there is no dthrawing-room,  
For whom  
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,  
    'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,  
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,  
    To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.  
But now that the quality's goin,  
    I warnt that the aiting will stop,  
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble  
    The devil a bite or a dthrop,  
        Or chop,  
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,  
    And his Lordship, the dear honest man,  
And the Duchess, his eemiabie leedy,  
    And Corry, the bould Connellan,  
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,  
    And the Chewter and Governess tu ;  
And the servants are packing their boxes, —  
    O, murther, but what shall I due  
        Without you ?  
O Meery, with oi's of the blue !

## MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND  
ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,  
Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er :  
I'll tell you all about the Ball  
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.  
Begor ! this fête all balls does bate,  
At which I worn a pump, and I  
Must here relate the splendthor great  
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,  
To fête these black Achillese.  
“ We'll show the blacks,” says they, “ Almack's,  
And take the rooms at Willis's.”  
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,  
They hung the rooms of Willis up,  
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,  
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,  
So sweetly in the middle there,  
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
And violins did fiddle there.  
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,  
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
A nate buffet before them set,  
Where lashins of good dhrink there was !

At ten before the ball-room door,  
His moighty Excellency was,  
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,  
So gorgeous and immense he was.  
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
Into the door-way followed him ;  
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,  
As they hurrood and hollowed him !

The noble Chair\* stud at the stair,  
And bade the dthrums to thump ; and he  
Did thus evince to that Black Prince  
The welcome of his Company.

\* James Matheson, Esq., to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Timotheus Malony, late stoker on board the Iberia, the Lady Mary Wood, the Tagus, and the Oriental steamships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.

O fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
And bright the oys, you saw there, was ;  
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,  
On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was !

This Ginerall great then tuck his sate,  
With all the other gineralls,  
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
All bleezed with precious minerals ;)   
And as he there, with princely air,  
Reclouin on his cushion was,  
All round about his royal chair,  
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,  
Such fashion and nobilitee !  
Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
Amidst the hoigh gentility !  
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese  
Ministher and his lady there,  
And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there ;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,  
And Baroness Rehausen there,

And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.  
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,  
When only Mr. Pips he was),  
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,  
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife ;  
I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,  
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there ?  
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,  
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,  
And pretty girls, was spoorting there ;  
And some beside (the rogues !) I spied,  
Behind the windies, coorting there.  
O, there's one I know, bedad, would show  
As beautiful as any there,  
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
And shake a fut with Fanny there !



## THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

YE Genii of the nation,  
Who look with veneration,  
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore,  
Ye sons of General Jackson,  
Who thrample on the Saxon,  
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,  
A tyrant and a humbug,  
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,  
Our fortitude and valliance  
Insthruacted his battalions  
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,  
No city in this nation  
So grand a reputation could boast before,  
As Limerick prodigious,  
That stands with quays and bridges,  
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,  
'Tis William Smith O'Brine,  
Reprisints this darling Limerick this ten years or more ;  
O the Saxons can't endure  
To see him on the flure,  
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore !

This valiant son of Mars  
Had been to visit Par's,  
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor ;  
And to welcome his return  
From pilgrimages furren,  
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board  
Young Meagher of the sword ;  
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore ;  
And Mitchil of Belfast,  
We bade to our repast,  
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould  
These patriots so bould,  
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store ;  
And with ornamints and banners  
(As becomes gintale good manners)  
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls  
To see the butthered rowls,  
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,  
And the muffins and the crumpets,  
And the band of harps and thrumpets,  
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay  
Would be proud to dthrink the tay  
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour ;  
And, since the days of Strongbow,  
There never was such Congo —  
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it — by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry  
Connellan beheld this sworry  
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core ;  
And they hired a gang of ruffins  
To interrupt the muffins,  
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,  
O'Brine began to spake,  
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar  
Of a ragamuffin rout  
Began to yell and shout,  
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,  
They batthered and they banged ;  
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore ;  
They smashed the lovely windies,  
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),  
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,  
Drowned puppies and dead rats,  
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower ;  
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,  
Cabbage-stalks and wooden legs,  
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O, the girls began to scrame,  
And upset the milk and crame ;  
And the honourable gintlemin they cursed and swore :  
And Mitchil of Belfast,  
'Twas he that looked aghast,  
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt  
On that day of Ireland's guilt ;  
Says Jack Mitchil, " I am kilt ! Boys, where's the back door ?  
'Tis a national disgrace ;  
Let me go and veil me face ; "  
And he boulded with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

“Cut down the bloody horde!”

Says Meagher of the sword,

“This conduct would disgrace any blackamoor;”

But millions were arrayed,

So he shaythed his battle blade,

Rethrayting undismayed from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O’Brine

Was raging like a line;

’Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;

In his glory he arose,

And he rushed upon his foes,

But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons

In squadthrons and platoons,

With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;

And they bate the rattatoo,

And the Peelers came in view,

And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.



THE WOLFE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND  
MARY BROWN.

AN igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek —  
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,  
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a widow, I see,  
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

This Mary was pore and in misery once,  
And she came to Mrs. Roney it's more than twelve monce,  
She adn't got no bed, nor no dinner, nor no tea,  
And kind Mrs. Roney gave Mary all three.

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many veeks,  
(Her conduct disgusted the best of all Beax,)  
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,  
Never thinking that this Mary was a traitor to she.

“Mrs. Roney, O Mrs. Roney, I feel very ill ;  
Will you jest step to the Doctor’s for to fetch me a pill ? ”  
“That I will, my pore Mary,” Mrs. Roney says she ;  
And she goes off to the Doctor’s as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,  
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed ;  
She hopens all the trunks without never a key —  
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. Roney’s best linning gownds, petticoats, and close,  
Her children’s little coats and things, her boots and her  
hose,

She packed them, and she stole ’em, and away vith them  
did flee.

Mrs. Roney’s situation — you may think vat it vould be !

Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,  
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day,  
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see ?  
But this Mary, as had acted so ungrateful to she.

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man ;  
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand  
in hand ;

And the Church bells was a ringin for Mary and he,  
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,  
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.  
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me ;  
I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman, says she.

Mrs. Roney, o, Mrs. Roney, o, do let me go,  
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,  
But the marriage bell is a ringin, and the ring you may  
see,  
And this young man is a waitin, says Mary, says she.

I don't care three fardens for the parson and clark,  
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.  
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must come along with me,  
And I think this young man is lucky to be free.

So, in spite of the tears which bejewed Mary's cheek,  
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett the Beak ;  
That exlent justice demanded her plea —  
But never a sullable said Mary said she.



On account of her conduct so base and so vile,  
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile,  
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,  
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now, you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who  
veep,  
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,  
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday week,  
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak.

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## THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

My name is Pleaceman X ;  
Last night I was in bed,  
A dream did me perplex,  
Which came into my Edd.  
I dreamed I sor three Waits  
A playing of their tune,  
At Pimlico Palace gates,  
All underneath the moon.  
One puffed a hold French horn,  
And one and old Banjo,

And one chap, seedy and torn,  
A Hirish pipe did blow.  
They sadly piped and played,  
Dexcribing of their fates ;  
And this was what they said,  
Those three pore Christmas Waits : —

“ When this black year began,  
This Eighteen-forty-eight,  
I was a great, great man,  
And king both vise and great,  
And Munseer Guizot by me did show  
As Minister of State.

“ But Febuwerry came,  
And brought a rabble rout,  
And me and my good dame  
And children did turn out,  
And us, in spite of all our right,  
Sent to the right about.

“ I left my native ground,  
I left my kin and kith,  
I left my royal crownd,  
Vich I couldn't travel vith,  
And without a pound came to English ground,  
In the name of Mr. Smith.

“Like any anchorite

I’ve lived since I came here,  
I’ve kep myself quite quite,  
I’ve drank the small small beer,  
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith me,  
And all my famly dear.

“O, Tweeleries so dear,

O, darling Pally Royl,  
Vas it to finish here  
That I did trouble and toyl?  
That all my plans should break in my ands,  
And should on me recoil?

“My state I fenced about

Vith baynicks and with guns;  
My gals I portioned hout,  
Rich vives I got my sons;  
O, varn’t it crule to lose my rule,  
My money and lands at once?

“And so, vith arp and voice,

Both troubled and shagreened,  
I bid you to rejoice,  
O glorious England’s Queend!  
And never have to veep, like pore Louis-Phileep,  
Because you out are cleaned.

“O, Prins, so brave and stout,  
I stand before your gate;  
Pray send a trifle hout  
To me, your pore old Vait;  
For nothink could be vuss than it's been along vith us,  
In this year Forty-eight.”

“Ven this bad year began,”  
The nex man said, saysee,  
“I vas a Journeyman,  
A taylor black and free,  
And my wife went out and chaired about,  
And my name's the bold Cuffee.

“The Queen and Halbert both,  
I swore I would confound,  
I took a hawfle hoath  
To drag them to the ground;  
And sevral more with me they swore  
Against the British Crownd.

“Against her Pleacemen all,  
We said we'd try our strenth;  
Her scarlick soldiers tall,  
We vowed we'd lay full lenth:  
And out we came, in Freedom's name,  
Last Aypril was the tenth.

“Three ’undred thousand snobs  
Came out to stop the vay,  
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,  
Or else we’d gained the day.  
The harmy quite kept out of sight,  
And so ve vent away.

“Next day the Pleacemen came —  
Rewenge it was their plann —  
And from my good old dame  
They took her tailor-mann :  
And the hard, hard beak did me bespeak  
To Newgit in the Wann.

“In that etrocious Cort  
The Jewry did agree ;  
The Judge did me transport,  
To go beyond the sea ;  
And so for life, from his dear wife  
They took poor old Cuffee.

“O Halbert, Appy Prince !  
With children round your knees,  
Ingraving ansum Prints,  
And taking hoff your hease ;  
O think of me, the old Cuffee,  
Beyond the solt, solt seas !

“ Although I’m hold and black,  
My hanguish is most great ;  
Great Prince, O call me back  
And I vill be your Vait !  
And never no more vill break the Lor,  
As I did in ’Forty-eight.”

The tailer thus did close  
(A pore old blackymore rogue),  
When a dismal gent uprose,  
And spoke with Hirish brogue :  
“ I’m Smith O’Brine, of Royal Line,  
Descended from Rory Ogue.

“ When great O’Connle died,  
That man whom all did trust,  
That man whom Henglish pride  
Beheld with such disgust,  
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,  
And swear I should be fust.

“ ‘ The glorious Hirish Crown,’  
Says she, ‘ it shall be thine ;  
Long time, it’s wery well known,  
You kep it in your line ;  
That diadem of hemerald gem  
Is yours, my Smith O’Brine.

“ ‘Too long the Saxon churl  
Our land encumbered hath ;  
Arise, my Prince, my Earl,  
And brush them from thy path ;  
Rise, mighty Smith, and sweep ’em with  
The besom of your wrath.’

“ Then in my might I rose,  
My country I surveyed,  
I saw it filled with foes,  
I viewed them undismayed ;  
Ha, ha ! says I, the harvest’s high,  
I’ll reap it with my blade.

“ My warriors I enrolled,  
They rallied round their lord ;  
And cheafs in council old  
I summoned to the board —  
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,  
And Meagher of the Sword.

“ I stood on Slievenamaun,  
They came with pikes and bills ;  
They gathered in the dawn,  
Like mist upon the hills,  
And rushed adown the mountain side  
Like twenty thousand rills.

“ Their fortress we assail ;  
Hurroo ! my boys, hurroo !  
The bloody Saxons quail  
To hear the wild shaloo ;  
Strike, and prevail, proud Innesfail,  
O’Brine, aboo, aboo !

“ Our people they defied ;  
They shot at ’em like savages,  
Their bloody guns they plied  
With sanguinary ravages ;  
Hide, blushing Glory, hide  
That day among the cabbages !

“ And so no more I’ll say,  
But ask your Mussy great,  
And humbly sing and pray,  
Your Majesty’s poor Wait :  
Your Smith O’Brine in ’Forty-nine  
Will blush for ’Forty-eight.”



LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.\*

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).



I PACED upon my beat  
With steady step and slow,  
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street ;  
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd  
Upon that fair May morn,  
Beold the booming cannings sound,  
A royal child is born !

The Ministers of State  
Then presnly I sor,  
They gallops to the Pallis gate,  
In carridges and for.

\* The birth of Prince Arthur.

With anxious looks intent,  
Before the gate they stop,  
There comes the good Lord President,  
And there the Archbishopp.

Lord John he next elights ;  
And who comes here in haste ?  
'Tis the ero of one underd fights,  
The caudle for to taste.

Then Mrs. Lily, the nuss,  
Towards them steps with joy ;  
Says the brave old Duke, " Come tell to us,  
Is it a gal or a boy ? "

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,  
" Your Grace, it is *a Prince*."  
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,  
He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look  
This pooty flower of May,  
Then says the venerable Duke,  
" Egad, its my buthday."

By memory backards borne,  
Peraps his thoughts did stray  
To that old place where he was born,  
Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recal  
The ancient towers of Trim ;  
And County Meath and Dangan Hall  
They did revisit him.

I phansy of him so  
His good old thoughts employin' ;  
Fourscore years and one ago  
Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,  
Most musicle of Lords,  
A playing maddrigles and glees  
Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero  
Upon his mother's knee !  
Did ever lady in this land  
Ave greater sons than she ?

And I shoudn be surprise  
While this was in his mind,  
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes  
Of unfamiliar brind.

\* \* \*

To Hapsly Ouse next day  
Drives up a Broosh and for,  
A gracious prince sits in that Shay  
(I mention him with Hor !)

They ring upon the bell,  
The Porter shows his Ed,  
(He fought at Vaterloo as vell,  
And vears a Veskit red.)

To see that carriage come  
The people round it press :  
“ And is the galliant Duke at ome ? ”  
“ Your Royal Ighness, yes.”

He stepps from out the Broosh  
And in the gate is gone,  
And X, although the people push,  
Says wery kind “ Move hon.”

The Royal Prince unto  
The galliant Duke did say,  
“Dear Duke, my little son and you  
Was born the self same day.

“The lady of the land,  
My wife and Sovring dear,  
It is by her horgust command  
I wait upon you here.

“That lady is as well  
As can expected be ;  
And to your Grace she bid me tell  
This gracious message free.

“That offspring of our race,  
Whom yesterday you see,  
To show our honor for your Grace,  
Prince Arthur he shall be.

“That name it rhymes to fame ;  
All Europe knows the sound ;  
And I couldn't find a better name  
If you'd give me twenty pound.

“ King Arthur had his knights  
That girt his table round,  
But you have won a hundred fights,  
Will match 'em I'll be bound.

“ You fought with Bonypart,  
And likewise Tippoo Saib ;  
I name you then with all my heart  
The Godsire of this babe.”

That Prince his leave was took,  
His hinterview was done.  
So let us give the good old Duke  
Good luck of his god-son,

And wish him years of joy  
In this our time of Schism,  
And hope he'll hear the royal boy  
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince  
That's come our arts to cheer,  
Let me my loyal powers ewince  
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crownd,  
 I think, in some respex,  
 Egstremely shootable might be found  
 For honest Pleaseman X.

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## THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,  
 List a tail vich late befel,  
 Vich I heard it, bein on duty,  
 At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,  
 Vere the little children sings :  
 (Lor ! I likes to hear on Sundies  
 Them there pooty little things !)

In this street there lived a housemaid,  
 If you particklarly ask me where —  
 Vy, it vas at four and twenty,  
 Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,  
And she went to fetch the beer :  
In the street she met a party  
As was quite surprized to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,  
For to judge him by his look :  
Tarry jacket, canvas trowsies,  
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this Mann accostes  
Of this hinnocent young gal —  
Pray, saysee, Excuse my freedom,  
You're so like my Sister Sal !

You're so like my Sister Sally,  
Both in valk and face and size ;  
Miss, that — dang my old lee scuppers,  
It brings tears into my heyes !

I'm a mate on board a wessel,  
I'm a sailor bold and true ;  
Shiver up my poor old timbers,  
Let be a mate for you !



What's your name, my beauty, tell me?  
And she faintly hangers, "Lore,  
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,  
And I live at twenty-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,  
This deluded gal to meet:  
And at twenty-four was welcome,  
Twenty-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master,  
(Kinder they than Missuses are),  
How in marridge he had ast her,  
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him,  
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),  
And she told how Charley Thompson  
Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in  
Many years of union sweet,  
Vith a gent she met promiskous,  
Valkin in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,  
And she thought that soon their bands  
Would be published at the Fondlin,  
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers,  
(Vich her master let some rooms),  
Likevise vere they kep their things, and  
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson  
Came on Sundy veek to see her,  
And he sent Eliza Davis  
Hout to vetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to  
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,  
This etrocious Charley Thompson  
Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,  
This abandingd female goes,  
Prigs their shirts and umberellas:  
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,  
Lest his wictim should escape,  
Hocust her vith rum and vater,  
Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em  
Vich these raskles little sore ;  
Namely, Mr. Hide the landlord,  
Of the house at twenty-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,  
Just afore he vent to sup ;  
And on looking up he sor the  
Lodger's vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled ;  
Something's going wrong, he said ;  
And he caught the vicked voman  
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,  
Vich vas passing on his beat,  
Like a true and galliant feller,  
Hup and down in Guildford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied  
Took this voman to the cell;  
To the cell vere she was quodded,  
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson  
Boulted like a miscrant base,  
Presently another Pleaseman  
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles  
Tuesday last came up for doom;  
By the beak they was committed,  
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,  
Simple gurl of twenty-four,  
*She*, I ope, vill never listen  
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,  
(Vich most every gurl expex,)  
Let her take a jolly pleaseman,  
Vich is name peraps is — X.

## DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's  
laws,

And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's ap-  
plause ;

Gayly compliment each other at the issue of a cause  
Which was tried at Guildford 'sises, this day week as ever  
was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief,  
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron  
Chief,)

Comes a British man and husband — asking of the law  
relief,

For his wife was stolen from him — he'd have vengeance  
on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life  
was crowned,

Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite pro-  
found ;

And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and  
truth renowned,  
To award him for his damage twenty hundred sterling  
pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does  
appear,  
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady  
dear ;  
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all  
too clear,  
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff  
rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her  
daughter cry  
But a fortnight after marriage : early times for piping eye.  
Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye  
was black,  
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the  
back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed  
her to the door,  
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no  
more.

As she would not go, why, *he* went: thrice he left his lady  
dear,  
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of  
a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed;  
She had seen him pull his lady's nose, and make her lip  
to bleed;  
If he chanced to sit at home, not a single word he said;  
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's  
head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the Jury note  
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the  
throat,  
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into  
a fit,  
Till the pitying next-door neighbors crossed the wall and  
witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers, a butcher,  
dwelt;  
Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did  
melt;  
(Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed  
in her)

But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied her  
dinner—

God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to this  
sinner !

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a wretched  
life,

Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his  
wife ;

He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in  
ten months' space,

Sat with his wife, or spoke her kindly. This was the  
defendant's case.

Pollock, C. B., charged the Jury ; said the woman's guilt  
was clear ;

That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to  
hear ;

But the damage to determine, which, as it should true  
appear,

This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady  
dear,

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starv-  
ing year by year,

Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck,  
and boxed her ear,



What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could  
claim,

By the loss of the affections of this guilty, graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning  
round,

Laid their clever heads together, with a wisdom most  
profound;

And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman  
wise and sound;

“My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff damages two  
hundred pound.”

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English  
ground,

And the happy land of England, where true justice does  
abound!

British Jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict  
proper;

If a British wife offends you, Britons, you’ve a right to  
whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you prom-  
ised to defend her,

You are welcome to neglect her; to the devil you may  
send her:

You may strike her, curse, abuse her ; so declares our law  
renowned ;  
And if after this you lose her — why, you're paid two  
hundred pound.

---

## THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THERE's in the Vest a city pleasant,  
To vich King Bladud gev his name,  
And in that city there's a Crescent,  
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,  
Although Sir John as gray, gray air,  
Hage has not made his busum coldish,  
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair !

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,  
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,  
To paris towne his phootsteps bended  
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,  
A nobler, finer gent than he

Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,  
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John provided,  
In which abroad he loved to ride ;  
But ar ! he most of all enjyed it,  
When some one helse was sittin' inside !

That " some one helse " a lovely dame was,  
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell —  
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,  
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymous countess ad a daughter  
Of lovely form and tender art ;  
A nobleman in marridge sought her,  
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,  
It was so power and profound ;  
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on,  
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd.

" O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"  
Says kind Sir John, " and live with me ;

The living there's uncommon pleasant —  
I'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

“ O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,  
And bring your charming girl,” sezee :  
“ The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,  
With breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

“ And when they've passed an appy winter,  
Their opes and loves no more we'll bar ;  
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,  
And I at church will be their Par.”

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,  
Where good Sir John he did provide  
No end of teas, and balls incessant,  
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,  
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold  
Upstairs to call out, “ Missy, Missy,  
Come down, the coffy's getting cold ! ”

But O ! 'tis sadd to think such bounties  
Should meet with such return as this ;

O, Barring of Saint Bart, O, Countess  
Grabrowski, and O, cruel Miss !

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,  
Saint Bart he treated like a son —  
And wasn't it uncommon shabby  
To do what you have went and done !

My trembling And amost refewses  
To write the charge which Sir John swore,  
Of which the Countess he ecuses,  
Her daughter and her son-in-lore.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of  
The fatle charge which now I quote :  
He says Miss took his two best rings off,  
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

“ Is this the child of honest parince,  
To make away with folk's best things ?  
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,  
To go and prig a gentleman's rings ? ”

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,  
And to rewenge his injured cause,

He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,  
 Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered !  
 If guilty, wengeance will not fail ;  
 Meanwhile, the lady is remanderd,  
 And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

## JACOB OMNIUM'S HOSS.

## A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT.

ONE sees in Viteall Yard,  
 Vere pleacemen do resort,  
 A venerable hinstitute,  
 'Tis called the Pallis Court.  
 A gent as got his i on it,  
 I think will make some sport.

The natur of this Court  
 My hindignation riles :  
 A few fat legal spiders  
 Here set & spin their viles ;

To rob the town theyr privilege is,  
In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court  
Is a mellitary beak,  
He knows no more of Lor  
Than praps he does of Greek,  
And provides hissself a deputy  
Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court —  
Misnamed of Justice — sits ;  
These lawyers owes their places to  
Their money, not their wits ;  
And there's six attornies under them,  
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,  
Was a livin at their ease,  
A sendin of their writs abowt,  
And droring in the fees,  
When their erose a cirkimstance  
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,  
A gent both good and trew

Possest a ansum oss vith vich

He didn know what to do :

Peraps he did not like the oss,

Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss

At Tattersall's did lodge ;

There came a vulgar oss-dealer,

This gentleman's name did fodge,

And took the oss from Tattersall's :

Wasn that a artful dodge ?

One day this gentleman's groom

This willain did spy out,

A mounted on this oss,

A ridin him about ;

“ Get out of that there oss, you rogue,”

Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel whex'd

To find hisself so pinn'd ;

The oss began to whinny,

The honest groom he grinn'd ;

And the raskle thief got off the oss

And cut away like vind.



And phansy with what joy  
The master did regard  
His dearly bluvd lost oss again  
Trot in the stable yard !

Who was this master good  
Of whomb I makes these rhymes ?  
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire ;  
And if *I'd* committed crimes,  
Good Lord ! I wouldn't ave that mann  
Attack me in the *Times* !

Now, shortly after the groomb  
His master's oss did take up,  
There came a livery-man  
This gentleman to wake up ;  
And he handed in a little bill,  
Which hanger'd Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen  
This livery-man eplied,  
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,  
Which the thief had took to ride.  
“Do you see anythink green in me ?”  
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

“ Because a raskle chews  
My oss away to robb,  
And goes tick at your Mews  
For seven-and-fifty bobb,  
Shall *I* be called to pay ? — It is  
A iniquitious Jobb.”

Thus Mr. Jacob cut  
The conwasation short ;  
The livery-man went ome,  
Detummingd to ave sport,  
And summingsd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,  
Into the Pallis Court.

Pore Jacob went to Court,  
A Counsel for to fix,  
And choose a barrister out of the four,  
An attorney of the six ;  
And there he sor these men of Lor,  
And watched 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile  
In the Pallis Court did come ;  
The lawyers said their say,  
The Judge looked wery glum,

And then the British Jury cast  
Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O, a weary day was that  
For Jacob to go through;  
The debt was two seventeen,  
(Which he no mor owed than you),  
And then there was the plaintives costs,  
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,  
Which the lawyers they did fix  
At the very moderit figgar  
Of ten pound one and six.  
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,  
And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell  
If Jacob swaw and cust,  
At aving for to pay this sumb,  
But I should think he must,  
And av drawn a cheque for £24 4s. 8d.  
With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move  
My pitty most profound.

A most emusing sport  
You thought it, I'll be bound,  
To saddle hup a three-pound debt,  
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you,  
To grind the honest pore ;  
To pay their just or unjust debts  
With eight hundred per cent. for Lor ;  
Make haste and git your costes in,  
They will not last much mor !

Come down from that tribewn,  
Thou Shameless and Unjust ;  
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in  
The name of Truth, august ;  
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,  
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,  
And ply your iron pen,  
And rise up Sir John Jervis,  
And shut me up that den ;  
That sty for fattening lawyers in,  
On the bones of honest men.

## THE SPECULATORS.



THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut  
up in sleep : Only those were abroad who were out on a  
lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing  
and blow ; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping  
to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet ;  
He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags,  
Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags :

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did  
walk ; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And  
listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears?  
Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad  
shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one — “Good friend  
of mine, How many shares have you wrote for? In the  
Diddlesex Junction line?”

“I wrote for twenty,” says Jim, “But they wouldn’t  
give me one;” His comrade straight rebuked him For  
the folly he had done:

“O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad  
town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And  
*then* they put me down.”

“And yet you got no shares,” Says Jim, “for all  
your boast;” “*I would* have wrote,” says Jack, “but  
where Was the penny to pay the post?”

“I lost, for I couldn’t pay That first instalment up;  
But here’s taters smoking hot—I say Let’s stop my  
boy and sup.”

And at this simple feast The while they did regale,  
I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-  
nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and  
tost, And thought of railroad specs., And how money  
was won and lost.

“Bless railroads everywhere,” I said, “and the  
world’s advance ; Bless every railroad share In Italy,  
Ireland, France ; For never a beggar need now despair,  
And every rogue has a chance.”

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING  
OF SHOREDITCH.

---

COME, all ye Christian people, and listen to my tail,  
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,  
By the Heastern Counties Railway (vich the shares I  
don't desire),  
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not  
transpire.

A travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed  
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was  
Captain Loyd;  
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond  
Colchest-  
er, a lady entered into them most elegantly dressed.



She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,  
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slep ;  
The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,  
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust class ticket, this lovely lady said,  
Because it was so lonesome she took a secknd instead.  
Better to travel by secknd class than sit alone in the fust,  
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,  
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail ;  
Saysee you look unwell, Ma'am, I'll elp you if I can,  
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddicle man.

“ Thank you, Sir,” the lady said, “ I only look so pale,  
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale ;  
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest : ”  
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conversation the journey they beguiled,  
Capting Loyd and the medical man, and the lady and the  
child,  
Till the various stations along the line was passed,  
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at  
last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,  
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.  
“Thank you, Sir,” the lady said, “for your kyindness  
dear ;

My carridge and my osses is probbibly come here.

“Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see ?”  
The Doctor was a famly man : “That I will,” says he.  
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,  
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,  
Then she gave the Doctor the child — wery kind he nust it :  
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sat from,  
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the plat-  
form.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,  
The Capting and the Doctor sat there in a maze ;  
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,  
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sat looking queer, for an hour or more,  
But their feller passinger neather on ’em sore :  
Never, never back again did that lady come  
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum !

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,  
When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss ?  
Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind  
and mild,  
And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little  
child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,  
And made it very comforable by giving it some pap ;  
And when she took its close off, what d' you think she  
found ?

A couple of ten pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd !

Also, in its little close, was a note which did conwey,  
That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way :  
And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay,  
And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one  
day,

If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say,  
Per advertisement in the *Times*, where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,  
It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look ;  
And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see  
Any kind lady as would do as much for me ;

And I wish with all my art, some night in *my* night  
gownd,

I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound) —  
There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,  
She'd adopt this little baby, which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,  
Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,  
Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,  
To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexy, this pore meddicle man,  
Like a sensible gentleman, to the Justice ran ;  
Which his name was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,  
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

“ O Justice! ” says the Doctor, “ instrugt me what to do,  
I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you ;  
My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills,  
(There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills !)

‘ I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose  
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the  
clothes,

And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you  
please,

And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor  
wants his feez."

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,  
"This year application does me much perplesk ;  
What I do advise you, is to leave this babby  
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart —  
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart,  
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,  
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,  
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he !  
Think, if you've been guilty, innocent was she ;  
And do not take unkindly this little word of me :  
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be !



## THE END OF THE PLAY.



THE play is done ; the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell :  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.  
It is an irksome word and task ;  
And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,  
Let's chose it with a parting rhyme,  
And pledge a hand to all young friends,\*  
As fits the merry Christmas time.

\* These verses were printed at the end of a Christmas Book (1848-9), "Dr. Birch and his young Friends."

On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,  
That Fate ere long shall bid you play ;  
Good night ! with honest gentle hearts  
A kindly greeting go away !

Good night ! — I'd say, the griefs, the joys,  
Just hinted in this mimic page,  
The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
Are but repeated in our age.  
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,  
Your hopes more vain than those of men ;  
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,  
Not less nor more as men than boys ;  
With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
As erst at twelve in corduroys.  
And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth  
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
I'd say, how fate may change and shift ;

The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
The race not always to the swift.  
The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all,  
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?  
Blessed be He who took and gave !  
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
Be weeping at her darling's grave ? \*  
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,  
That darkly rules the fate of all,  
That sends the respite or the blow,  
That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit :  
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?  
His betters, see, below him sit,  
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?  
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

\* C. B. ob. 29th November, 1848, æt. 42.



So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen ! whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Who misses, or who wins the prize ?  
Go, lose or conquer as you can :  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays ;)  
The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days :  
The shepherds heard it overhead —  
The joyful angels raised it then :  
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth ;  
I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still —  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.









BOSTON, 135 WASHINGTON STREET,  
NOVEMBER, 1855.

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